

LYCIDUS:
OR THE
Lover in Fashion.

Being an Account from
LYCIDUS to **LYSANDER**,
Of his Voyage from the
ISLAND of **LOVE**.

From the French.

By the same **AUTHOR**
Of the Voyage to the Isle of LOVE.

Together with a
MISCELLANY
OF
New Poems.

By Several H A N D S.

LONDON: Printed for *Joseph Knight, and Francis
Saunders, at the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of
the New-Exchange, 1688.*

LYCIDS:

OF THE

LOVER in Fashion

Being an Account from

ANDROS to LYMADEA

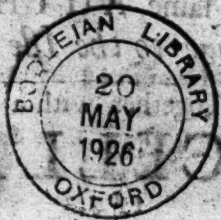
Of the Voyage from the

1st A.D. of LOVE.

From the French.

By the same AUTHOR

OF LOVE



MISCELLANY

New Poems.

By George W. D. S.

London: Printed for J. & W. G. & Co. by the University Press, 1926.

TO THE
Earl of Melford, &c.
KNIGHT
Of the most
Noble Order
OF THE
THISTLE.

My LORD,

THis Epistle Dedicatory which
humbly lays this Little Volume
at your Lordships feet, and begs
a Protection there, is rather an Address
A 2 than

The Epistle Dedicatory.

than a Dedication; to which a great many hands have subscrib'd, it Presenting your Lordship a Garland whose Flowers are cull'd by several Judgments in which I claim the least part; whose sole Ambition is this way to congratulate your Lordships new Addition of Honour, that of the Most Noble Order of the Thistle, an Honour which preced's that of the Garter, having been supported by a long Race of Kings, and only fell with the most Illustrious of Queens, whose memory (which ought to be Establish'd, in all hearts can not be better preserv'd,) than by reviving this so Ancient Order; well has His Majesty chosen its Noble Champions, among whom none merits more the Glory of that Royal Favor than your Lordship: whose
Loy

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Loyalty to His Sacred Person and interest through all the adversities of Fate, has begot you so perfect a veneration in all hearts, and is so peculiarly the Innate vertue of your Great mind; a vertue not shewn by unreasonable fits when it shall serve an end, (a false Bravery for a while when least needful, and thrown off when put to useful Tryal; like those who weighing Advantages by Probabilities only, and fancying the future to out-poyse the present, cast there their Anchor of Hope,) but a vertue built on so sure and steady Basis's of Honour, as nothing can move or shake; the Royal Interest being so greatly indeed the Property of Nobility, and so much even above life and Fortune: Especially when to support a Monarch so truly just, so

The Epistle Dedicatory.

wise and great ; a Monarch whom God Almighty Grant long to Reign over Us, and still to be serv'd by men of Principles so truly Brave, as those that shine in your Lordship,

Pardon, my Lord, this Digression and the meanness of this Present, which to a Person of your Lordships great and weighty Employments in the world may seem Improper, if I did not know that the most Glorious of Statesmen must sometimes unbend from Great Affaires, and seek a diversion in trivial Entertainments: Though Poetry will Fustle for the Preheminency of all others, and I know is not the least in the Esteem of your Lordship, who is so admirable a Judg of it, if any thing here may
be

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*be found worthy the Patronage it Im-
plores, 'twill be a sufficient Honour
to,*

My Lord,

Your Lordships most humble,

most oblig'd,

and obedient Servant,

A. BEHN.

to
The Epistle Dedicatory
be found more by the Patronage it has
procured, will be a sufficient Honour

My Lord,

Your Lordships most humble

most oblig'd

and obedient servant

A. BERN.

To Mrs. B. on her Poems.

HAil, Beauteous Prophetess, in whom alone,
Of all your sex Heav'n's master-piece is
For wondrous skill it argues, Wondrous care,
Where two such Stars in firm conjunction sit
A Brain so Glorious, and a Face so fair,
Two Goddesses in your composite joya'd,
Nothing but Goddesses cou'd, you're so refin'd,
Bright *Reason* Body gave, *Misere* Mind cou'd
How soft and fine your manly numbers flow,
Soft as your Lips, and smooth as is your brow.
Gentle as Air, bright as the Noon-day's Sky,
Clear as your skin, and charming as your Eye
No craggy Precipice the Prospect spoiles,
The Eye no tedious barren plain beguiles.

But, like *Thessalian* Feilds your Volumes are,
Rapture and charms o're all the soyl appear,
Astrea and her verse are *Tempe* every where.

Ah, more than Woman! more than man she is;
As *Phæbus* bright; she's too, as *Phæbus* wife,
The Muses to our sex perverse and coy
Astrea do's familiarly enjoy.

She do's their veiled Glories understand,
And what we court with pain, with ease command.
Their charming secrets they expanded lay,
Reserv'd to us, to her they all display.

Upon her Pen await those learned Nine.
She ne're but like the Phosph'rus draws a line,
As soon as toucht her subjects clearly shine.

The femal Laurels were obscur'd till now,
And they deserv'd the Shades in which they grew:
But *Daphne* at your call return's her flight,
Looks boldly up and dares the God of light.

If we *Orinda* to your works compare,
They uncouth, like her countrys soyle, appear,
Mean as its Pefants, as its Mountains bare,
Sappho tafts strongly of the sex, is weak and poor
At second hand the russet Laurels wore,
Yours are your own, a rich and verdant store.
If Loves the Theme, you outdo *Ovids* Art,
Loves God himself can't subtiller skill impart.
Softer than's plumes, more piercing than his Dart.

If *Pastoral* be her Song, she glads the Swains
With Livelier notes, with spritelier smiles the
(plains.
More gayly than the Springs she decks the Bows
And breaths a second *May* to Fields and Flowrs.
If e're the golden Age again return
And flash in shining Beames from's Iron Urn,
That Age not as it was before shall be,
But as th' Idea is refin'd by thee.
That seemsthe common; thines the Elixir, Gold,
So pure is thine, and so allay'd the old.

Happy

Happy, ye Bards, by fair Affraids, you
If you're alive, to brighter life you're rais'd;
Farethrift by her Beams you'll lost grow,
You must your former learned selves outdo,
Tho' you'd the parts of *Thirsis* and of *Strophon* too.

Hail, mighty Prophets! by whom we see
Omnipotence almost in Poetry:
Your flame can give to Graves, *Promethean* fire,
And *Greenhills* clay with living paint inspire;
For like some Mystick wand with awful Eyes
You wave your Pen, and to the dead Arise.

Kendrick.

Adver-

Advertisement

TO THE READER.

W Hereas Mr. Higden, at the end of his Translation of the Tenth Satyre of Juvenal, has Printed a paper of Verses, entitul'd Sato's Answer to Labientis &c. without the Author's consent or knowledge; and either he or the Printer has so alter'd em, that the Author cannot own 'em for his: This is to let the World know, that that Copy so Printed by Mr. Higden, is false almost in every line, and that here is in this Miscellany a true Copy of the same Verses printed with the Author's consent, from the Original paper writ in his own hand, and corrected by him at the Press.

Lycidus:

Licensed,

May 13. 1687.

R. L. S.

I must confess in a great Inducement to Love,
 and a happy Advance to an Amorous Love-
 story; and to have a great deal of what
 these are, that is, that the hearts of all the

LYCIDUS:

OR, THE
 Lover in Fashion, &c.

the Elevation of Fortune: And the Women are
 not contented we should give them as much Love

I Have receiv'd your melancholy Epistle, with
 the Account of your Voyage to the *Island of*
Love; of your Adventures there, and the Rela-
 tion of the death of your *Aminta*: At which you
 shall forgive me if I tell you I am neither surpris'd
 nor griev'd, but hope to see you the next Cam-
 paign, as absolutely reduc'd to reason as myself.
 When Love, that has so long deprived you of
 Glory, shall give you no more sighs but at the
 most remembrances of past Pleasures; and that af-
 ter you have heard my Account of the Voyage I
 made to the same place, with my more lucky one
 back again, (for I, since I saw you, have been an
 Adventurer) you will by my Example become
 of my Opinion, (notwithstanding your dismal Tales
 of Death and the eternal Shades,) which is, that
 if there be nothing that will lay me in my Tomb
 till Love brings me thither, I shall live to Eter-
 nity.

I must confess 'tis a great Inducement to Love, and a happy Advance to an Amour, to be handsom, finely shap'd, and to have a great deal of Wit; these are Charms that subdue the Hearts of all the Fair: And one sees but very few Ladies, that can resist these good Qualities, especially in an Age so gallant as ours, yet all this is nothing if Fortune do not smile: And I have seen a Man handsom, well shap'd, and of a great deal of Wit, with the advantage of a thousand happy Adventures, yet finds himself in the end, sicker for an Hospital than the Elevation of Fortune: And the Women are not contented we should give them as much Love as they give us, (which is but reasonable,) but they would compel us all to Present and Treat 'em lavishly, till a Man hath consumed both Estate and Body in their Service. How many do we see, that are wretched Examples of this Truth, and who have nothing of all they enjoyed remaining with 'em, but a poor Idea of past Pleasures, when rather the Injury the Jilt has done 'em, ought to be eternally present with 'em. Heaven keep me from being a Woman's Property. There are Cullies enough besides you or I, *Lyfander*.

One would think now, That I who can talk thus Learnedly and Gravely, had never been any of the number of those wretched, whining, sighing, dying Fops, I speak of, never been jilted and cozen'd of both my Heart and Reason; but let me tell those that think so, they are mistaken, and that all this Wisdom and Discretion, I now seem replenish'd with, I have as dearly bought as any

any keeping Fool of 'em all. I was ly'd and flatter-
ed into Wit, jilted and cozen'd into Prudence,
and, by ten thousand broken Vows and perjured
Oaths, reduced to Sense again; and can laugh
at all my past Follies now.

After I have told you this, you may guess at a
great part of my Story; which, in short, is this:
I would needs make a Voyage, as you did, to this
fortunate Isle, and accompanied with abundance
of young Heirs, Cadets, Coxcombs, Wits, Block-
heads, and Politicians, with a whole Cargo of
Cullies all, nameless and numberless we Landed
on the Enchanted Ground; the first I saw, and lik'd,
was charming *Silvia*; you believe I thought her
fair as Angels; young, as the Spring, and sweet
as all the Flowers the blooming Fields produce;
that when she blush'd, the Ruddy Morning open'd,
the Rose-buds blew, and all the Pinks and Dazies
spread; that when she sigh'd or breath'd, *Araby's*
Spices, driven by gentle Winds, perfum'd all
around; that when she look'd on me, all Heaven
was open'd in her Azure Eyes, from whence Love
shot a thousand pointed Darts, and wounded me
all over; that when she spoke, the Musick of the
Spheres, all that was ravishing in Harmony, blest
the Adoring Listener; that when she walk'd,
Venus in the Mirtle Grove when she advanc'd to
meet her lov'd *Adonis*, assuming all the Grace
young Loves cou'd give, had not so much of Ma-
jesty as *Silvia*: In fine, she did deserve, and I com-
pared her to all the Fopperies, the Suns, the Stars,
the Coral, and the Pearl, the Roses and Lillies,

Angels Spheres, and Goddesses, fond Lovers dress their Idols in. For she was all, fancy and fine imagination could adorn her with, at least, the gazing Puppy thought so. 'Twas such I saw and lov'd; but knowing I did Adore, I made my humble Court, and she, by all my trembling, sighings, pantings, the going and returning of my Blood, found all my Weakness and her own Power; and using all the Arts of her Sex, both to engage and secure me, play'd all the Woman over: She would be scornful and kind by turns, as she saw convenience, This to check my Presumption and too easy hope; That to preserve me from the brink of despair. Thus was I tost in the Blanket of Love, sometimes up, and sometimes down, as her Wit and Humor was in or out of tune, all which I watch'd, and waited like a Dog, that still the oftner kick'd would fawn the more.

Oh, 'tis an excellent Art this managing of a Coxcomb, the Serpent first taught it our Grandam Eve; and Adam was the first kind Cully: E're since they have kept their Empire over Men, and we have, e're since, been Slaves. But I, the most submissive of the whole Creation, was long in gaining Grace; she used me as she meant to keep me, Fool enough for her Purpose. She saw me young enough to do her Service, handsom enough to do her Credit, and Fortune enough to please her Vanity and Interest: She therefore suffer'd me to Love, and Bow among the Crowd, and fill her Train. She gave me hope enough to secure me too, but gave me nothing else, till she saw me languish

guish to that degree, she feared, to lose the Glory of my Services, by my death; only this Pleasure kept me alive, to see her treat all my Rivals with the greatest Rigour imaginable, and to me all sweetness, exposing their febleſſes; and having taken Notice of my Languishment, she suffered me Freedoms that wholly Ravish'd me, and gave me hopes I shou'd not be long a dying for all she cou'd give.

But, since I have a great deal to say of my Adventures in passing out of this *Island of Love*: I will be as brief as I can in what arrived to me on the Place; and tell you, That after Ten thousand Vows of eternal Love on both sides, I had the Joy, not only to be believ'd and lov'd, but to have her put herself into my Possession, far from all my Rivals: Where, for some time I lived with this charming Maid, in all the Raptures of Pleasure, Youth, Beauty, and Love could create. Eternally we loved, and lived together, no day nor night separated us, no Frowns interrupted our Smiles, no Clouds our Sun-shine; the Island was all perpetual Spring, still flowery and green, in Bowes, in Shades, by purling Springs and Fountains, we past our hours, unwearied and uninterrupted. I cannot express to you the happy Life I led, during this blessed Tranquility of Love, while *Silvia* still was pleased, and still was gay. We walked all day together in the Groves, and entertained ourselves with a thousand Stories of Love; we laugh'd at the foolish World, who could not make their Felicity with out Crowds and Noise: We pittied Kings in Courts in this Retirement, so well

we liked our Solitude; till on a day, (blest be that joyful day, though then 'twas most a-curst,) I lay upon that day, I know not by what accident I was parted from my Charmer, and left her all alone, but in my absence, there incountred her a Woman extremely ugly, and who was however very nice and peevish, inconstant in her temper, and no one place could continue her: The finest things in the World were troublesom to her, and she was Shagreen at every thing; her Name is *Indifference*; she is a Person of very great Power in this Island, (though possibly you never incountred her there,) and those that follow her, depart from the *Isle of Love* without any great pains. She brought *Silvia* to the Lake of *Disgust*, whether, in persuing her (at my return,) I found her, ready to take Boat to have past quite away, and where there are but too many to transport those Passengers, who follow *Indifference* over the Lake of *Disgust*. I saw this disagreeable Creature too, but she appeared too ugly for me to approach her, but forcing *Silvia* back, I returned again to the Palace of *True Pleasure*, where some days after there arrived to me a Misfortune, of which, I believed I should never have seen an end. I found *Silvia* environ'd round with new Lovers, still adoring and pleasing her a thousand ways, and though none of 'em were so rich, so young, or so handsome as I, she nevertheless failed not to treat 'em with all the Smiles and Caresses 'twas possible to imagin; when I complain'd of this, she would satisfy my fears with so many Vows and Imprecations, that I would

would believe her, and think myself unreasonable, but when she would be absent whole days, in an hundred places, she would find such probable Excuse, and lye with such a Grace, no mortal cou'd have accused her, so that all the whole Island took notice that I was a baffled Cuckold, before I could believe she would deceive me, so heartily she damn'd herself: Through all the Groves I was the pointed Coxcomb, laugh'd at aloud, and knew not where the jest lay; but thought myself as secure in the Innocence of my deceiving fair One, as the first hour I Charmed her, and like a keeping Cully, lavish'd out my Fortune, my plenteous Fortune, to make her fine to Cuckold me. 'Sdeath! how I scorn the Follies of my Dotage; and am resolv'd to persue Love for the future, in such a manner as it shall never cost me a Sigh: This shall be my method,

A Constancy in Love I'll prise,

And be to Beauty true:

And doat on all the lovely Eyes,

That are but fair and new.

On *Cloris* Charms to day I'll feed,

To morrow *Daphne* move;

For bright *Lucinda* next I'll bleed;

And still be true to Love.

But Glory only and Renown

My serious hours shall charm;

My Nobler Minutes those shall Crown,

My looser hours, my Flame.

All the Fatigues of Love I'll hate,

And *Phillis's* new Charms

That hopeless Fire shall dissipate,

My Heart for *Cloe* warms.

The easie Nymph I once enjoy'd

Neglected now shall pass,

Possession, that has Love destroy'd

Shall make me pitiless.

In vain she now attracts and mourns,

Her moving Power is gone,

Too late (when once enjoy'd,) she burns,

And yielding, is undone.

My Friend, the little charming Boy

Conforms to my desires,

And

And 'tis but to augment my Joy

He pains me with his Fires;

All that's in happy Love I'll tast,

And rifle all his store,

And for one Joy, that will not last,

He brings a thousand more.

Perhaps, my Friend, at this Account of my Humor you may smile, but with a reasonable consideration you will commend it, at least, though you are not so wise as to pursue my Dictates. Yet I know you will be diverted with my Adventures; though there be no love in 'em that can resemble 'em to yours. Take then the History of my Heart, which I assure you, boasts itself of the Conquests it has made.

A thousand Martyrs I have made,

All sacrific'd to my desire:

A thousand Beauties have betray'd,

That languish in resistless Fire.

The untam'd Heart to hand I brought,

And fixt the wild and wandring Thought.

I never vow'd nor sigh'd in vain

But both, tho' false, were well receiv'd.

The Fair are pleas'd to give us pain,

And what they wish is soon believ'd.

And tho' I talk'd of Wounds and Smart,

Loves Pleasures only toucht my Heart.

Alonethe Glory and the Spoil

I always Laughing bore away;

The Triumphs, without Pain or Toil,

Without the Hell, the Heav'n of Joy.

And while I thus at random rove

Despise the Fools that whine for Love.

I was a great while, (like you,) before I forgot the remembrance of my first Languishments, and I almost thought, (by an excess of Melancholy,) that the end of my Misfortunes were with my Life at hand: Yet still like a fond Slave, willing to drag my Fetters on, I hop'd she would find Arguments to convince me she was not false; and in that Humor, fear'd only I should not be handsomly and neatly jilted. Could she but have dissembled well, I had been still her Cully. Could she have play'd her Game with discretion, but, vain of her
Con-

(II)

Conquest, she boasted it to all the World, and I alone was the kind keeping Blockhead, to whom 'twas unperceived, so well she swore me into belief of her Truth to me. Till one day, lying under a solitary Shade, with my sad Thoughts fixt on my declining Happiness, and almost drown'd in Tears, I saw a Woman drest in glorious Garments, all loose and flowing with the wind, scouring the Fields and Groves with such a pace, as *Venus*, when she heard her lov'd Youth was slain, hasted to behold her ruin. She past me, as I lay, with an unexpressable swiftness, and spoke as she run, with a loud Voice. At her first approach, I felt a strange trembling at my Heart without knowing the reason, and found at last this Woman was *Fame*. Yet I was not able to tell from whence proceeded my Inquietude. When her Words made me but too well understand the Cause: The fatal Subject of what she cry'd, in passing by me, were these ;

Poor *Lycidas* for shame arise,
And wipe *Loves* Errors from thy Eyes;
Shake off the God that holds thy Heart;
Since *Silvia* for another burns,
And all thy past Indurement scorns
While thou the Cully art.

I believed, as she spoke, that I had ill understood her, but she repeated it so often, that I no longer doubted my wretchedness. I leave you, who so well can guess, to imagin, what Complaints I made, filling the Grove, where I was laid, with my pitious Cries; sometimes I rose and raved, and rail'd on Love, and reproached the fair Fugitive. But the tender God was still pleading in my Heart, and made me ever end my noisy Grievs in Sighs and silent Tears. A thousand Thoughts of revenge I entertained against this happy Rival, and the charming ingrate: But those Thoughts, like my Rage, would also end in soft reproaching murmurs and regret only. And I would sometimes argue with Love in this manner.

Ah, cruel Love! when will thy Torments cease?

And when shall I have leave to dye in Peace?

And why, too charming and too cruel Maid,

Could'st thou not yet thy fleeting Heart have
(stay'd?)

And by degrees thy fickle Humor shewn,

By turns the Enemy and Friend put on:

Have us'd my Heart a little to thy scorn,

The loss at least might have been easier born.

With

With feigned Vows, (that poor Expence of
Breath,)

Alas thou might'st have sooth'd me to my death.

Thy Coldness, and thy visible decays

In time had put a period to my days.

And lay'd me quietly into my Tomb,

Before thy proof of Perjuries had come.

You might have waited yet a little space

And sav'd mine, and thy, Honour this disgrace;

Alas I languish'd and declin'd apace.

I lov'd my Life too eagerly away

To have disturb'd thee with too long a stay.

Ah! cou'd you not my dying Heart have fed

With some small Cordial Food, till I was dead?

Then uncontroul'd, and unreproach'd you

(Charms

Might have been render'd to my Rival's Arm.

Then all my right to him you might impart,

And Triumph'd o're a true and broken Heart.

Though

Though I complained thus for a good while, I was not without some secret hope, that what I had heard was not true; nor would I be persuaded to undeceive myself of that hope which was so dear and precious to me. I was not willing to be convinced I was intirely miserable, out of too great a fear to find it true; and there were some Moments in which I believed *Fame* might falsely accuse *Silvia*, and it did not seem reasonable to me, that, after all the Vows and Oaths she had made, she should so easily betray 'em, and forgetting my Services, receive those of another, less capable of rendring them to her advantage. Sometimes I would excuse her ingratitude with a thousand things that seem'd reasonable, but still that was but to make me more sensible of my disgrace; and then I would accuse myself of a thousand weaknesses below the Character of a Man; I would even despise and loath my own easiness, and resolve to be no longer a *Mark-out-fool* for all the Rhiming Wits of the Island to aim their Dogrel at. And grown, as I imagined, brave at this thought, I resolved first to be fully convinced of the perfidy of my Mistress, and then to rent my Heart from the attachment that held it.

You know, that from the *Desart of Remembrance*, one does, with great facility, look over all the *Island of Love*. I was resolved to go thither one day; and where indeed I could survey all things that past, in the Groves, the Bowers, by Rivers, or Fountains, or whatever other place, remote or obscure 'twas from thence, that one day I saw the faithless *Silvia*, in the Palace of *True Pleasure*, in
the

the very Bower of Bliss with one of my Rivals,
but most intimate Friend.

'Twas there, I saw my Rival take

Pleasures, he knew how to make;

There he took, and there was given,

All the Joys that Rival Heaven;

Kneeling at her Feet he lay,

And in transports dy'd away:

Where the faithless suffer'd too

All the amorous Youth cou'd do.

The Ardour of his fierce desire

Set his Face and Eyes on fire.

All their Language was the Bliss

Of Ten thousand eager Kisses.

While his ravish'd Neck she twin'd

And to his Kisses, Kisses join'd.

Till, both inflam'd, she yeilded so

She suffer'd all the Youth cou'd do.

In

In fine, 'twas there I saw that I must lose the day. And I saw in this Lover Ten thousand Charms of Youth and Beauty; on which the ingrate with greedy languishing Eyes, eternally gazed with the same Joy she used to behold me when she made me most happy. I confess, this Object was so far from pleasing me, (as I believed a confirmation would,) that the change inspired me with a rage, which nothing else could do, and made me say things unbecoming the Dignity of my Sex, who ought to disdain those faithless Slaves, which Heaven first made to obey the Lords of the Creation. A thousand times I was about to have rush'd upon 'em, and have ended the Lives of the loose betray-ers of my repose, but Love stepp'd in and stay'd my hand, preventing me from an Outrage, that would have cost me that rest of Honour, I yet had left: But when my rage was abated, I fell to a more insupportable Torment, that of extream Grief to find another possessor of what I had been so long, and with so much Toil in gaining: 'Twas thus I retir'd, and after a little while brought myself to make calm Reflections upon this Adventure, which reduced me to some reason. When one day as I was walking in an unfrequented Shade, whither my Melancholy had conducted me, I incountred a Man, of a hauty look and meen, his Apparell rich and glorious, his Eyes awful, and his Stature tall; the very sight of him inspired me with coldness, which render'd me almost insensible of the infidelity of *Silvia*. This Person was *Pride*, who looking on me, as he past, with a fierce and disdainful Smile,

over

over his Shoulder, and regarding me with scorn, said ;

Why shou'd that faithless wanton give

Thy Heart so mortal pain,

Whose Sighs were only to deceive,

Her Oaths all false and vain ?

Despise those Tears thou shedd'st for her,

Disdain to sigh her Name.

To *Love*, thy Liberty prefer ;

To faithless *Silvia*, Fame.

I knew by his words he was *Pride*, or *Disdain*, and would have embraced him ; but he put me off seeing *Love* still by me, who had not yet abandoned me, and turned himself from me with a regardless scorn, but I, who was resolved not to forsake so discreet a Counsellor, rather chose to take my leave of little *Love* ; who had ever accompanied me in this Voyage. But oh ! this adieu was not taken so easily and soon as I imagined. *Love* was not to be quitted without abundance of Sighs and Tears at parting, he had been a Witness to all my Adventures, my Confident in this Amour, and not to be deserted without a great deal of pain ; I stayed so long in bidding the dear Boy adieu, that I had almost forgot *Disdain* ; at last, though my Heart were breaking to part with the dear fondling, I was resolved and said ;

b

Farewel

Farewel, my little charming Boy !

Farewel, my fond delight,

My dear Instructor all the day,

My soft repose at night.

Thou, whom my Soul has so carest,

And my poor Heart has held so fast,

Thou never left me in my pain,

Nor in my happier hours ;

Thou eas'd me when I did complain,

And dry'd my falling showsrs.

When *Silvia* frown'd still thou woud'st smile,

And all my Cares and Griefs beguile.

But *Silvia's* gone, and I have torn

Her Witchcrafts from my Heart ;

And nobly fortify'd by scorn

Her Empire will subvert ;

Thy Laws establish'd there destroy,

And bid adieu to the dear charming Boy.

In quitting *Love* I was a great while before I could find *Disdain*, but I, at last, overtook him: He accompanied me to a Village, where I received a Joy I had not known since my Arrival to the *Isle of Love*, and which Repose seemed the sweeter because it was new. When I came to this place, I saw all the World Easie, Idle, and at Liberty: This Village is like a Desert, and all the Inhabitants live within themselves, there is only one Gate, by which we enter into it from the *Isle of Love*.

This place is called *Indifference*, and takes its Name from a Princess inhabiting there, a Person very fair and well made; but has a Grace and Meen of so little Wit, and seems so inutile and so silly, that it renders her even ridiculous. As soon as I arrived there, I called to my remembrance all those affronts and cheats of Love, that *Silvia* had put upon me, and which now served for my diversion, and were agreeable thoughts to me; so that I called myself Ten thousand Sots and Fools for resenting 'em; and that I did not heartily despise 'em, laugh at 'em, and make my Pleasure with the false One as well as the rest; for she dissembled well, and for ought I knew, 'twas but dissembled Love she paid my Rivals. But I, forsooth, was too nice a Coxcomb, I cou'd not feed as others did, and be contented with such Pleasures as she cou'd afford, but I must ingross all, and unreasonably believe a Woman of Youth and Wit had not a longer Race of Love to run than to my Arms alone. Well, 'tis now confest I was a Fool, nor could I hinder myself from saying a thousand times a day;

That Coxcomb can ne're be at ease,
 While Beauty inflaves his Soul.
 'Tis Liberty only can please,
 And he that's Fetter'd is an Owl:

I found it very convenient and happy to disengage from Love, and I have wondred a thousand times at the Follies that God has made me commit: And though I sometimes thought on *Silvia*, I thought her less charming and fair than she was before her fall; and the Humour I now was in represented her no more meriting that Passion I once had for her, and I fancied she had lost all those Graces for which once I lov'd her: In fine, I was so wholly recovered of my disease of Love for *Silvia*, that I began to be uneasy for want of imploying my Adresses; and a change from so violent a Passion to such a degree of coldness, became insupportable to one of my Youth and natural Gayety; in somuch, that I was seized with a Dulness, or Languishment, and so great a fit of Melancholy, as I had never felt the like; and my Heart, that was so accustomed to Love, was so out of Humour, that it had no Object or Business for thought, that it lost all its Harmony and Wit; it having nothing to excite it to Life and Motion, passing from so vast a degree of tenderness to an unconcern equally extreme. I thought it rude, ill-bred, and idle, to live so indifferent and insignificant a Life. And walk-

walking perpetually by myself, (or with those of
my own Sex, that could not make my diversion,)
I sung all day this following Song to a Hum-drum
Tune, to myself;

Not to sigh and to be tender,

Not to talk and prattle Love,

Is a Life no good can render,

And insipidly does move:

Unconcern do's Life destroy,

Which, without Love, can know no Joy.

Life, without adoring Beauty,

Will be useless all the day;

Love's a part of Human Duty,

And 'tis Pleasure to obey.

In vain the Gods did Life bestow,

Where kinder Love has nought to do.

What is Life, but soft desires,

And that Soul, that is not made

To entertain what Love inspires,

Oh thou dull immortal Shade?

Thou'dst better part with Flesh and Blood,
Than be, where Life's not understood.

These were my notions of Life; and I found myself altogether useless in the World without Love; methought I had nothing to animate me to Gallant things, without Love, or Women; I had no use of Wit or Youth without the fair, and yet I did not wish wholly to ingage myself neither a second time, having been so ill-treated before by Love: But I found there were ways to entertain one's self agreeably enough without dying or venturing the breaking of a heart for the matter: That there were Beauties to be obtained without the hazard of hanging or drowning one's self: I never had tryed, but I found it natural enough to my Humour and Constitution, to flatter and dissemble, swear and lye; I viewed my self in my Glass, and found myself very well recovered from the Ruins my first Amour had made, and believed myself as fit for Conquest, as any *Sir Fopling*, or *Sir Courtly Nice* of 'em all. To this fine Person and good Meen and Shape, (as I thought,) I added handsom Dressing, the thing that takes the Heart infinitely above all your other Parts, and thus set out a snare for vain Beauty; I every day went out of the City of *Indifference*, to see what new Adventures I could meet withal.

One day I incountred a Woman, who, at first sight appeared very agreeable; she had an Air easie,

sic, free, and Galliard ; such as fails not to take
 at first view: This was *Coquette*, who, the very
 first time she saw me, Address'd herself to me with
 very great Complaisance and good Humour, and
 invited me to her Apartment, where she assured me
 I should not fail to be entertained very agreeably ;
 and at the same time pulling out of her Pocket a
 Paper, she shewed me these Words written :

Let Love no more your Heart inspire,

Tho' Beauty every hour you see ;

Pass no farther than desire,

If you'll truly happy be.

Every day fresh Objects view,

And for all have Complaisance.

Search all places still for new,

And to all make some Advance;

For where Wit and Youth agree,

There's no Life like Gallantry.

Laura's Heart you may receive,

And to morrow *Julia's* prize:

Take what young *Diana* gives,

Pity *Lucia* when she dies:

Portia's Face you must admire,
And to *Clorin's* Shape submit.

Phyllis Dancing gives you Fire,
Celia's Softness, *Clara's* Wit.

Thus all at once you may pursue,
'Tis too little to Love two.

The powerful smiling God of Hearts
So much tenderness imparts,
You must upon his Altars lay

A thousand Offerings every day :
And so soft is kind desire ;

Oh ! so Charming is the Fire,
That if nice *Adrasfe* scorns,
Gentler *Ariadne* burns.

Still Another keep in play
(If One refuse,) to give you Joy.

Cease therefore to disturb your Hours,
For having two desires
A Heart can manage two Amours.

And burn with several Fires,

The

The day has hours enough in store

To visit two or half a score.

I gave her thanks for her good Counsel, and
found I needed not much persuasion to follow *Co-*
quette to a City that bears her Name, and I saw
over the Gate of the City at my Entrance, these
Verses writ in Gold Letters;

The God of Love beholding every day

Slaves from his Empire to depart away;

(For Hearts that have been once with Love
(fatigu'd,

A second time are ne'r again intrigu'd :

No second Beauty e'r can move

The Soul to that degree of Love.)

This City built, that we might still obey,

Tho' we refus'd his Arbitrary Sway :

'Tis here we find a grateful Recompence

For all Loves former Violence ;

Tir'd with his Laws we hither come

To meet a kinder softer doom.

'Tis

'Tis here the God, without the Tyrant, Reigns,
 And Laws agreeable ordains;
 Here 'tis with Reason and with Wit he Rules,
 And whining Passion Ridicules,
 No check or bound to Nature gives,
 But kind desire rewarded thrives.
 Peevish uneasy Pride, the God
 Has banish'd from the blest abode :
 All Jealousies, all Quarrels cease,
 And here Love lives in perfect Peace.

This agreeable description, gave me new desire
 to enter into the City ; where I incountred a thou-
 sand fine Persons all gloriously drest, as if they
 were purposely set out for Conquest: There was
 nothing omitted of Cost and Gallantry, that might
 render 'em intirely Charming, and they employ'd
 all their Arts of Looks and Dress to gain Hearts.

It is, in a word, from these fair Creatures you
 are to draw your Satisfaction, and 'tis indeed at a
 dear rate you buy it, yet, notwithstanding the Ex-
 pence, a world of People persue 'em.

When I came into the City, I was soon percei-
 ved to be a Stranger there, and while I was consi-
 dering whither I should go, or how to address my-
 self

self to these fair Creatures, a little *Coquett Cupid* presented himself to me for a kind Instructor; and to explain him, this in a word is his Character:

He is of the same Race with the other *Cupids*, has the same Mother too, *Venus*: He wears a Bow and Arrows, like the rest of the young Loves; but he has no Bando, nothing to cover his Eyes, but he sees perfectly; nor has he any *Flambeau*: And all the Laws of *Coquette* he understands and observes exactly.

I had no sooner received the little Charming God, but he instructed me in all the most powerful Arts to please, in all his little wiles and agreeable deceits; all which he admits of as the most necessary Recourses to that great end of Man, his true diversion: With all which I was so extremely pleased, that resolving to be his Votary, I followed him to the most delightful place in the World, the City of *Gallantry*.

Gallantry is a City very magnificent; at the Entrance of the Gate you encounter *Liberality*, a Woman of great Wit, delicate Conversation and Complaisance: This Lady gives her Passport to all that enter, and without which, you cannot pass, or at least, with great difficulty; and then too you pass your time but very ill; and the more Passports you have, the better you are received from the fair Inhabitants, and pass your time more agreeable with the fine Conversation you meet with in this City. Love told me this, and it was therefore that I took a great many Passports from this acceptable Person *Liberality*. But what renders you yet more Favoured

voured by the Fair and the Young who reside at *Gallantry*, is, to have a delicate soft Wit, an assiduous Address and a tender way of Conversing; but that which best cullies and pleases the Generality of People there, is *Liberality* and *Complaisance*: This place of so great Divertisement is frequented with all the Parties of the best and most amiable Company, where they invent a thousand new Pleasures every day; Feasting, Balls, Comedies, and Sports, Singing and Serinads, are what employs the whole Four and twenty hours.

By the Virtue of my Passports from *Liberality*, I was introduced to all the fine Conversations and Places that afford Pleasure and Delight: I had the good Fortune to make Parties, insomuch, that I was soon known to all the Company in the City, and pass'd the day in Feasting, going with the Young and Fair to delightful *Villa's*, Gardens, or Rivers in Chaces, and a thousand things that pleas'd; and the Nights I pass'd in Serinading, so that I did not give myself time for Melancholy; and yet for all this I was wearied and fatigued; for when once one has tasted of the Pleasure of Loving and being Beloved, all, that comes after that, is but flat and dull; and if one's Heart be not a little inflamed, all things else are insignificant, and make but very slight touches.

I began therefore for all this to be extreamly Shagreen'd and out of Humour, amid'st all these Pleasures, till one lucky day I met with an Adventure, that warm'd my Heart with a tender flame which it had not felt since my happy beginning one for *Silvia*: One
 day

day, as I said, I was conducted by my officious *Cupid* into a Garden very beautiful, where there are a thousand Labyrinths and Arbours, Walks, Grotto's, Groves and Thickets; and where all the Fair and the Gay resorted; 'twas here I incountred a young Beauty called *Bellinda*; she was well made, and had an admirable meen, an Air of Gayety and Sweetness; but that which charmed me most of all, was her Wit, which was too ingaging for me to defend my Heart against: I found mine immediately submitting to her Conversation, and you may imagine I did not part with her so long as Decency and good Manners permitted me to stay with her, which was as long as any Company was in the place; nor then, till by my importunity I had gained so much upon her to suffer my Visits, which she did with a Condescension that gave me abundance of hope.

I was no sooner gone, but my *Cupid*, who took care of me, and entertained me to the best Advantage, carryed me that Evening to a Ball, where there were a world of Beauties, among the rest one fair as imagination can conceive; she had all the Charmes of Youth and Beauty; though not so much Wit and Air as *Bellinda*. To this young adorable I made my Court all the time I remained there, and fancied I never found myself so Charmed, I fancied all the Graces had taken up their dwelling in her Divine Face; and that to subdue one so fair and so innocent, must needs be an extream Pleasure: Yet did I not so wholly fix my desires on this lovely Person, but that the Wit of

Bellinda

Bellinda shared my Heart with the Beauty and Youth of *Bellimante*, so was this young Charmer called: I was extreamly well pleas'd to find I could a-new take fire; and infinitely more, when I found I should not be subdued by one alone; nor confined to dull Dotage on a single Beauty; but that I was able to attain to the greatest Pleasure, that of Loving two amiable Persons at once: If with two, I hoped I might with Two score if I pleas'd and had occasion; and though at first it seemed to be very strange and improbable to feel a Passion for two, yet I found it true, and could not determin which I had the greatest tenderness for, or inclination to: But 'tis most certain, that this Night I found, or thought I found, more for *Bellimante*, who fired me with every Smile; I confess she wanted that Gayety of Spirit *Bellinda* had, to maintain that fire she raised: And ever when I was thoughtful a moment, *Coquette* (who is ever in all the Conversation, and where she appears very magnificent and with a great Train,) would, smiling, sing softly in my Ear this Song, for she is very Galliard;

Cease to defend your Amorous Heart,

Against a double flame;

Where two may claim an equal Part

Without reproach or shame.

'Tis Love that makes Life's happiness,

And he that best wou'd live

By Love alone must Life caress,

And all his Darts receive.

Coquette is a Person, that endeavours to please and humour every Body, but of all those who every day fill her Train, she caresses none with that Address and Assiduity as she did me, for I was a new Face, to whom she is ever most obliging and entertaining. However, notwithstanding the Advice of *Coquette*, I fancied this young Charmer had engaged all my Soul; and while I gazed on her Beauty, I thought on *Bellinda* no more; but believed I should wholly devote myself to *Bellimante*, whose Eyes alone seemed capable to inflame me.

I took my leave with Sighs, and went home extream well pleas'd with this days Adventure. All this Night I slept as well as if no tenderness had toucht my Heart, and though I Lov'd infinitely, it gave me no disturbance; the next morning a thousand pleasant things *Bellinda* had said to me, came into my mind, and gave me a new inclination to entertain myself with that witty Beauty; and dressing myself in haste with the desire I had to be with her, I went again, the morning being very inviting, to the Garden, where before I had seen her, and was so lucky to encounter her; I found her blush at my approach; which I counted a good Omen

Omen of my future happiness; she received me with all the Gayety and Joy good liking and Wit could inspire: Nor was I backward on my part, but addrest myself to her with all imaginable respect, and as much Love in my Eyes as I was able to put on; which, I found, she saw with Pleasure; she had not entertained me half an hour, but I was so absolutely charmed, that I forgot there was a *Bellaminte* in the World.

Thus for several days I lived; every day visiting both these attracting Beauties, and at Night, when I was retired, was not able to inform myself which I liked best: Both were equally beloved, and it was now, that methought I began to taste of true Joy; I found myself in Love without any sort of inquietude, when I was Melancholy, I went to visit *Bellinda*, and she with her Gayety and Wit would inspire me with good Humour; If I were over-press'd with good Company, and too much Conversation and Noise, I would visit *Bellimante*, who by a certain softness in her discourse, and a natural Languishment in her Eyes and Manners, charmed and calmed me to a repos'd tranquillity; so that to make me fortunate in Love, I could not have fixed my desires better: I had too little Love to be wretched, and enough to make my happiness and Pleasure.

After I had past my time awhile thus in *Coquetrie*, this little Love, who was my Guide, carried me to *Declaration*: I thought then upon the time of my first Arrival on the *Isle of Love*; and how *Respect*, that awful hinderer of our Pleasure, prevented

vented me from going to this Place: I urg'd this very argument *Respect* then made me, to my *Coquet* Love now, who for answer return'd me nothing but loud Laughter; and when I askt his reason, he replyd, that *Respect* did not forbid any to go to *Declaration*, but those only who knew not how to behave themselves well there, and who were not so well fashion'd and bred as they ought to be, who go thither: And that it was a mere cheat in *Respect* to conduct people to Love by *Discretion*, that being much the farthest way about, and under favor to Monsieur *Respect* he is but a troublesome companion to a Lover, who designs to cure those wounds the fair has given him, and, if he have no better counsellor, he may languish all his life without revealing the secret of his soul to The object belov'd, and so never find redress. But this Sir *Formal*, (*Respect*, says *Love*,) is a very great favorite of the Lady's, who is always in fee with them as a Jilt with a Justice; who manages their Fools just as they wou'd have 'em; for it is the most agreeable thing in the World to them, and what the most feeds their vanity, to see at their feet a thousand Lovers sigh, burn, and languish; the fair are never angry to find themselves belov'd, nor ever weary of being Ador'd. I was extreamly pleas'd at this frank Humour of my little Love who told me this, and without much scruple or consideration to *Respect* I follow'd him towards *Declaration*, and in my way he gave me this Advice.

When you Love, or speak of it,

Make no serious matter on't,

'Twill make but subject for her wit

And gain her scorn in lieu of Grant.

Sneeking, whining, dull Grimasses

Pale the Appetite, they'd move;

Only Boys and formal Affes

Thus are Ridicul'd by Love.

While you make a Myſtery

Of your Love and awful flame;

Young and tender Hearts will fly,

Frighted at the very name;

Always brisk and gayly court

Make Love your pleasure not your pain,

'Tis by wanton play and sport

Heedless Virgins you will gain.

By this time we were arriv'd to *Declaration*,
which is a very little Village, since it is only for
Passengers to pass thro', and none live there, the
Country is very Perilous, and those that make a
false

false step run a great risque of falling from some Precipice: Round about rises a very great mist, and people have much ado to know each other; of these mists there are two sorts: The one on the side of *Denial*, the other on that of *Permission*, the first is very disagreeable and draws a very ill consequence with it; the other directs you to a place of intire divertisment, but I had so good a guide that the entrance gave me no trouble at all. When I came to the Village, I found *Bellimante*, and *Bellinda*, to whom by turns I told all my heart; and discover'd all its passion or its tenderness which was to me much better.

When to the charming *Bellinda* I came,

With my heart full of Love and desire,

To gain my wisht end I talkt of a flame,

Of sighing, and dying, and fire,

I swore to her charms that my soul did submit,

And the slave was undone by the force of her

(Wit.

To fair *Bellimante* the same tale I told,

And I vow'd and I swore her fair Eyes

No Heart-Ravisht mortal cou'd ever behold

But he panting and languishing Dys,

And while I was vowing, the ardor of youth
 Made myself even believe what I swore was all
 (truth.

I confess to you, my dear *Lysander*, that it was a great while before I cou'd make myself be believ'd by *Bellinda*, or gain any credit upon her heart, she had a great deal of Wit and cou'd see farther into the designs of her Lovers than those who had not so much, or had had so many vows pay'd them: I perceiv'd well enough, I was not hated by her, and that she had not a heart wholly insensible; so that I never quitted her till I had gain'd so much upon her to accompany me to *Permission*, where for some time we pass our days very pleasantly; and having so good fortune with *Bellinda*, I had now a great desire to try my power over *Bellimante*: and where indeed, contrary to my expectation, I was not so happy: But she went from me to *Dexial*; and I was for that hour oblig'd to return again to *Bellinda*, it was some time I searcht her in vain, but at last found her at a little Village, extreamly agreeable. There are very few Inhabitants, but those that are live in perpetual union, yet do not talk much, for they understand one another with half words: A sign of the Hand, the Head or the Eye, a glance or smile is sufficient to declare a great part of the Inclination. It is here where the Lover takes all freedoms, without controul, and says and does all

all that soft Love can permit: And every day they take and give a secret Entertainment, speaking a particular Language, which every body does not understand, and none but Lovers can reply too, in effect, there are as many Languages as persons.

The Governess of this Village is very charming to those that are acquainted with her; and as disagreeable to those that are not; she is a person of a great deal of Wit, and knows all things. She has a thousand ways to make herself understood, and comprehends all in a moment, that you wou'd or can say to her.

In this place, to divert, we make a thousand pretty sorts of Entertainments; and we have a-
 bundance of Artifices, which signify nothing, and yet they serve to make life Agreeable and Pleasant.

'Twas thus I liv'd at *Intelligence*; When I understood that *Bellemanie* was retir'd to *Cruelty*. This news afflicted me extremely, but I was not now of a humour to swell the Floods with my tears, or increase the rude winds with my ruder sighs; to tear my hair and beat my Innocent breast as I us'd in my first Amour to do. However I was so far concern'd, that I made it my business not to lose this insensible fair one, but making her a visit in spite of her retreat, I reproacht her with cruelty.

Why,

And every day

Why, fair Maid, are you uneasy,

When a slave designs to please you;

When he at your feet is lying

Sighing, languishing, and dying?

Why do you preserve your charms

Only for offensive Arms?

What the Lover would possess

You maintain but to oppress.

Cease, fair Maid, your cruel way,

And let your Lover dy a nobler way.

Who the Devil you'd not believe me as much

in love how as I ever was with Swann: My heart had

learn'd then all the soft Language of Love which

now it could prattle as naturally as its Mother

Tongue; and sighing and dying was as ready for

my mouth as when it came from my very heart;

and cost me nothing to speak; Love being as

cheaply made now by me as a barter for a Horse

or a Coach; and with as little concern almost:

It pleas'd me while I was speaking; and while I

believ'd I was gaining the vanity and pleasure of

a conquest over an unvanquish't heart. However

I cou'd yet perceive no Grist come to my Mill;

no heart to my Lure; young as it was, it had

a cunning that was harder to deceive than all *Bellinda's* Wit : And seeing her persist still in her Resolution I left her with a heart, whose pride mote than Passion resent'd the obdurateness of this Maid, I went as well compos'd however as I cou'd to *Intelligence*; and found even some pleasure in the cruelty and charming resistance of *Bellimante*, since I propos'd to myself an infinite happyness in softning a heart so averse to Love, and which I knew I shou'd compel to yeild some time or other with very little pains and force.

Oh ! what Pleasure 'tis to find

A coy heart melt by slow degrees ;

When to yeilding tis inclin'd,

Yet her fear a ruin sees.

When her tears do kindly flow,

And her sighs do come and goe.

Oh ! how charming tis, to meet

Soft resistance from the fair ;

When her pride and wishes meet

And by turns increase her care.

Oh ! how charming 'tis to know,

She wou'd yeild but can't tell how,

Oh ! how pretty is her scorn
 When confus'd 'twixt Love and Shame,
 Still refusing (though she burn,)
 The soft pressures of my Flame.
 Her Pride in her denial lies,
 And mine is in my Victories.

I feigned nevertheless abundance of Grief to find her still persist in her rigorous Cruelty; and I made her believe, that all my absent hours I abandoned myself to sorrows and despairs; though *Love* knows I parted with all those things in *Silvia's* Arms. But whatever I pretend, to appear at *Cruelty* and before *Bellimante*; at *Intelligence* I was all Galliard and never in better Humour in my Life than when I went to visit *Bellinda*: I put on the Gravity of a Lover, and beheld her with a Solemn Languishing Look: In fine, I accustomed myself to counterfeit my Humour, whenever I found it convenient for my Advantage: Tears, Vows, and Sighs cost me nothing, and I knew all the Arts to jilt for Love, and could act the dying Lover, whenever it made for my Satisfaction.

He that wou'd precious time improve,

And husband well his hours,

Let him complain and dye for Love,

And spare no Sighs or Showers.

To second which, let Vows and Oaths

Be ready at your will,

And fittest times and seasons chuse,

To shew your cozening skill.

In fine, after I had sufficiently acted the Languishing Lover, for the accomplishment of all my Wishes, I thought it time to change the Scene, and without having recourse to Pity, I followed all the Counsels of my *Cupid*; who told me, that instead of dying and whining at her Feet, and damning myself to obtain her Grace, I should affect a Coldness, and an Unconcern; for, *Lycidas*, assure yourself, said he, there is nothing a Woman will not do, rather than lose her Lover either from Vanity or Inclination. I thanked *Love* for his kind Advice; and to persue it, the next day I drest myself in all the Gayety imaginable: My Eyes, my Air, my Language, were all changed; and thus fortified with all the put-on indifference in the World, I made *Bellimante* a Visit; and after a thousand things all cold and unconcerned, far from Love or my former Softness, I cried laughing to her;

Ceate,

Cease, cease, that vain and useless Scorn,
 Or save it for the Slaves that dye,
 I in your Flames no longer burn,
 No more the whining Fool you fly;
 But all your Cruelty defie.

My Heart your Empire now disdains,
 And Frown, or Smile, all's one to me:

The Slave has broke his Servial Chains,
 And spight of all your Pride is free
 From the Tyrannick Slavery.

Be kind or cruel every day,
 Your Eyes may wear what dress they please,
 'Twill not affect me either way,
 How my fond Heart has found its Peace,
 And all my Tears and Sighings cease.

I must confess you're wondrous fair,
 And know, to conquer such a Heart;
 Is worth an Age of sad despair,
 If Lovers Merits were Desert:

But

But you're unjust as well as fair,

And Love subsists not with despair,

No more than Lovers by the Air.

I've spar'd no Sighs nor Floods of Tears,

Nor any thing to move your Mind,

With sacred Vows I fed your Cares;

But found your rebel Heart unkind,

And Vanity had made you blind.

No more my Knees shall bow before

Those unconcern'd and haughty Eyes,

Nor be so senseless to adore

That Saint, that all my Prayers despise

No, I condemn your Cruelty

Since in a Humor not to dye.

Having said all this with an Air of Disdain, I, smiling, took my leave, with much less Civility and Respect than I used to do; and hasting to *Intelligence*, I past my time very well with *Bellinda*, to whom I paid all my Visits, and omitted nothing that might make *Bellimante* know I had forgot her: But at the end of some days by a very happy change,

she

the finding more inclination to Love than to Cru-
 elty, banishing all Obstacles in Favour of a Lover,
 she came to *Intelligence*; where at first sight she
 made me some little Reproaches, and that in so
 soft a manner, that I did not doubt but I had toucht
 her Heart: I swore a thousand times, that all I had
 done, was only put on to see if it were possible
 she could resent it, and force from her Heart some
 little concern for my supposed loss. At this time I
 had abundance of Intreagues upon my hands, for
 it was not with *Bellinda* and *Bellimante*, with whom
 I lived in this manner; and indeed it is impossible
 to remain at *Intelligence* and to make a Court but
 to two Persons only, where there are so many of the
 Fair and the Young. I writ every day several Bil-
 lets; and received every day as many: I had every
 day two or three Rendezvous; and one ought to
 manage matters very discreetly, that neither Par-
 ty might come to the knowledge of the others con-
 cern; and one ought to be a Man of great Address
 and Subtilty to love more than one securely; and
 though this gave me some pain, it was nevertheless
 an *Ambaras* very agreeable, and in which I could
 have lived a great while; if Envy, which cannot
 suffer any Body to be happy in *Intelligence*, had
 not arrived there and told a great many things
 which discovered my Intreagues; so that *Bellinda*,
 with whom I had lived there with great Tranquilli-
 ty a long time, and *Bellimante*, with whom I was
 but just beginning to be happy, were both obli-
 ged to quit this delightful place, where we enjoy-
 ed so many happy hours; and they retired till the
 noise

noise was a little over; and with them all those who had afforded me any hope: If any one of these had stayed, I had been contented well enough and one might have consol'd me for the loss of the other, but in one day to lose all that made my happiness, put me into such a Melancholy, I knew not for the present what to do for myself; but *Coquet Love* conducted me to a Village, that gave me new Pleasure: The situation of it is marvellous, the Fields and the Groves all about it the most pleasant in the World; the Meadows enamel'd with Rivulets, which run winding here and there, and lose themselves in the Thickets and the Woods. In going, *Love* said to me: In absence it is in vain to abandon yourself to sorrow. Alas! What signifies it to sigh night and day; the Absent does not hear us; nor can the most tender Affliction or Complaint render a Lover happy, unless the Fair One were present to hear all his Moans, then perhaps they might avail. There was reason in what he said, and I was pleas'd and calm'd; and we arrived at the same time at this Village: All the Houses were fine, and pleasant, we saw all the Graces there by Fountains and by Flowery Springs, and all the Objects that could be imagined agreeable; and the least amiable ones, we saw, gave us a Joy! All the World that inhabit there contribute to Diversion; and this place is called *Amusement*: *Amusement* is a young Boy, who stops and gazes at every thing that meets his Eyes, and he makes his Pleasure with every Novelty.

As soon as I arrived at this Village I thought to
divert

divert myself, as others did; and to hinder my Thoughts from fixing on the loss of my two Mistresses, and to banish from my mind the Sharpness their Absence gave me; withdrawn from the fair Eyes of *Bellimante*, and the Charming Wit of *Bellinda*, and to give my sighing Heart a little ease; upon a thousand Objects I formed my desires, and took a thousand Pleasures to divert my Melancholy: And all the time I lived at this dear place, I passed my time without any inquietude; for every day afforded me new Objects to give me new Wishes. And I now expected, without much impatience, the return of *Bellinda* and *Bellimante*; nor did I tire myself with writing to 'em every day; and when I did write, to save the expence of thought, the same Billet served both; a thousand little tender things I said of course to both: And sometimes, especially while I was writing, I thought I had rather have seen them than have lived at *Amusement*; but since it was necessary they should be absent, I bore it with all the Patience I could; sometimes we were in a fit of writing very regularly to one another, but on a sudden I received no Letters at all; the reason of this was, they both understood I lived at *Amusement*, and had retired themselves to the Palace of *Spight*: I no sooner received this News, but I rendered myself there also; it is a place where there is alwaies abundance of Tumult, Outrage, Quarrels and Noise: And *Spight* is a Person who eternally gives occasion of Discontent and Broil; causing People often to fall out with those they love

love most, and to caress those they hate: But the Quarrels she occasions us with those we love, last but a very short season, and Love reconciles those differences that *Spight* obliges us to make: Tho' 'tis sometime pleasant enough to see those we Love extreemly, and violently, fall into the highest rage, and say a thousand things injurious and unreasonable, and to swear all the Oaths that angry Love and Fury can inspire, never to see or converse with one another again, and in a moment after to grow calm, weep, and reunite; to be perjured on both sides, and become more fond than ever they were.

A Lovers Rage and Jealousie

One short moment do's confess;

How can they long angry be

Whose Hearts are full of tenderness?

In this Place there wou'd be eternal War, but for a person who inhabits there, and is always the Mediator for Peace, 'tis he that assists to accommodate and bring the Lovers together. This is a very honest person, call'd *Right Understanding*, he brought me to *Bellinda*, whom I found accompany'd with a Man that made her a thousand caresses, at my approach she made as if she knew me not, which I took in such disdain, that I apply'd myself to *Spight*, with a design to be reveng'd on this Haughty Scornor. In this humour I made

I made a visit to *Bellimante* but found her as Implacable as *Bellinda*, whom no excuses, no reason, cou'd reduce to the temper I had once seen her; in a rage, ten times more than I was before, fill'd with disdain and revenge I complain'd of this treatment to my little *Love*, who immediately led me into a Grove, where the Beauties and the Graces us'd to walk, to consult upon what return to make for my affront; from one place to another we past on till we came to a little Thicket, on the other side of which, by a little Rivulet we cou'd hear, but not see, two persons discoursing, they were women, and one seemed in a violent Rage against her Lover, who had newly offended her, whilst the other strove in vain to reconcile her, but she went on, vowing to revenge herself with the next object she shou'd Incounter that had but Wit, Youth, and fortune enough to Justifie her Love, and make her conquest glorious; her resolution agreeing so with mine, and her manner of speaking, gave me new hope and pleasure, and a great curiosity to see her face; I found by her Resentment she was young and of Quality, and that alone was enough to make me resolve upon Addressing myself to her, and the other person had no sooner left her, but I advanced towards her, with as good a grace as I cou'd put on, she was a little surpris'd, and blushing at first, but I soon reconcil'd her to my conversation. I found her handsom enough to ingage me, and she was as well pleased with me as I was with her, both having the same design which was that of revenge.

revenge, and you may Imagin, our business be-
 ing the same, our entertainment was not at first
 extraordinary, but as my cause of Anger was more
 reasonable than hers, I began to find myself to
 soften into liking of this new fair one, who was
 called *Cemena*, and who, to spite her former
 Lover, endeavor'd to be seen with me in all the
 publick places she cou'd, which gave him Infinite
 torments of Jealousie. One day as I was walking
 with this *Cemena* in a place where the young and
 the fair frequent, *Bellinda* and *Bellimante* often
 pass'd by us, and saw us both well pleas'd and
 in good humour, I cou'd perceive their colour
 goe and come, and that they were as uneasy at
 this object, as my heart cou'd wish, and by their
 quitting of the place immediatly after, I was as-
 sur'd of all my hope, and believ'd I had gain'd
 my Point; at the end of two or three days, one
 Morning walking alone in the same place I in-
 counter'd *Bellimante*, who hapned to be attend-
 ed with her Woman onely, she chang'd colour
 at my approach, and would have pass'd me by
 but I stay'd her by the Robe; and said a thousand
 things to her that angry Love inspir'd me with,
 while she on her side did the same, till we had
 talk'd our selves by degrees into reason, and good
 understanding. I found her Resentment to be only
 the excess of Love, and all those faults are easily
 forgiven, I immediatly threw myself at her Feet,
 and made her a thousand protestations of my
 fidelity, and she, in her turn, excus'd herself
 with all the tenderness imaginable, she made me

a thousand new vowes and careffes and forgot
nothing that might perswade me, that all she did
was by the Counsel of *Spight*.

Oh! how soft it is to see

The fair one we believe untrue,

Eager and impatient be

To be reconcil'd a new;

When their little cheats of Love

Shall with reasons be excus'd,

Oh! how soft it is to prove,

With what ease we are abus'd!

When we come to understand

How unjust are all our fears;

And to feel the lovely hand

Wiping from our Eyes the tears.

And a thousand Favors pay

For every drop they kiss away,

Oh! how soft it is to yeild,

To the maid just reconcil'd.

I found this accomodement extreamly agreeable, and it was in these transports the Lovely *Bellimante* detain'd me for some days without quitting her, but I found too much Joy in a new reconciliation not to endeavor to make one also with *Bellinda*; as soon then as *Bellimante* grew a little off my heart by so long a conversation with one and the same Woman, I, on pretence of some affairs, left her extreamly charm'd and satisfi'd, and hasted to *Bellinda*, who, methought, was now a new Beauty; at least I found her too considerable to lose the Glory of ingaging her intirely; tis possible that both these Ladys, being agitated with as little faith as myself, deceiv'd me with the same design I did them, to make their pleasure only, and tho' this very often came into my thoughts, yet it gave me no great inquietude, they dissiml'd well, and I cou'd not see it, I had the satisfaction and the vanity of 'em, that was as much as I desir'd from any of the fair since *Silvia* toucht my heart, they both swore they lov'd and both fear'd to displease, if they were unfaithful they had a thousand stratagems to hide their infidelity, and took a great deal of care to keep me, which shew'd a value in me above all the rest of my Rivals, and I beheld myself with some Pride and esteem for having so much power; when ever they offended me they had all the Arts to mollify me, and who wou'd be so critically in love as not to be willing to be so well abus'd? For my part, I will not be so nice, as to penetrat into their thoughts, to find what wou'd but displease me if

found ; but content myself with all I see and find that looks like Love at least and good humour. Nay, even in their worst I find a thousand pleasures, those of their quarrels which sometimes happen twenty times a day, when every reconciliation is like a new Mistress, so well they strive to please and be reconcil'd.

But all these pleasures did not satisfy me, there were greater yet behind which I had not arriv'd to with these fair charmers, and however I liv'd at *Amusement*, making a thousand Amours with a hundred of the most Beautiful, still I had a desire to subdue intirely to my pleasure these two the most hard to gain, but now I was pretty well secur'd of both their hearts and yet neither knew, they were each others Rivals in mine. They knew one another, convers'd, and play'd and walkt together, yet so discreet I was in this Amour that neither was jealous of the other, nor suspected I lov'd both with an equal Ardor; when I hapned to be with 'em both I carried myself so equally Gallant that both commended my conduct and imagin'd I did it to hide the secret passion I had for herself, and so many little Arts my Coquet love had taught me I cou'd with ease manage abundance of intregues at one and the same time.

But as I said, this did not suffice, nor cou'd the fires, that some more willing Beauties allay'd, hinder me from wishing and burning and persuing those two fair persons with an Ardor that had no appearance of decay from any others goodness to me, but in my daily visits to 'em, I eternally so-

licitd

licited them to suffer me to accompany them to
 that charming place call'd *Faours*, which is a very
 Beautiful Castle rais'd in a Vally. I confest to
 you that my *Coquet Cupid* advis'd me not to go,
 for fear of attaching myself too much to a place
 so extreamly agreeable; the Mountains, that environ
 this Castle, are very high and full of hollow
 Rocks, which made the situation very sullen. The
 Castle itself was delicately built, and surrounded
 with tall Trees, so thick that one cou'd hardly see
 the Edifice, nor cou'd the Sun-beams dart throw
 the gloomy shade; and eternal Night seem'd to
 sit there in awful state and pleasure: For the more
 obscure this place is and secret from all Eyes, the
 better and more acceptable it is to all that enter
 there, and tho' this Vally have many inhabitants,
 it appears to have none at all; because they love
 solitude, and, banishing all Publick society, con-
 tent themselves only to be but two in company
 together, if there be more they are receiv'd with
 a very ill welcome, for a third Person in this place
 wou'd destroy the Pleasure and the harmony.
 The Inhabitants of this Castle never shew them-
 selves but to those that are very importune, and then
 not every day, the Ladies that command there
 are many Sisters all of the name of the Castle;
 and all very fair, and still one more fair than the
 other, and when you visit 'em you see 'em not all
 at once but by degrees and the last you behold
 is the fairest, and by the pleasure you have in
 seeing one, you desire to see 'em all. For there are
 no limits to be given to desire, and as they are

never seen by any body altogether, it happens very often that you see but one, and you must have address and great assiduity, abstinence, and good fortune to obtain one of these *Favors*; but the last will cost you much more trouble than all the rest put together, so very fair, so very nice and coy she is: But when once obtain'd she brings you to the Palace of intire Pleasure; which is neighbouring to the Castle of *Favors*; but I, who wou'd very fain, at once, have brought to this delicate place both *Billinda* and *Belimante*, found myself extream uneasy, because, as I said, only two can be well entertain'd at a time! I found it against my humour and against the advice of *Love* to abandon all, and retire with one only, for in decency and good manners, those, who go to this Castle of *Favors*, are oblig'd to continue there some time; and I found, I shou'd be extreamly shagrin after a little while with one alone; but both were obstinate and wou'd not suffer a third: and having been so very importune with both, I was asham'd to repent and recant all those things I had said, to persuade them to go, tho' in my heart I was very ill satisfi'd I had not persu'd the counsel, *Love* had given me not to go to *Favors* at all; he foreseeing an inconveniencie in such a retreat, which I, with all my young desires about me and fond of novelty, cou'd not, so well as he, discern, however I had propos'd it with some ardency and wou'd not go back, but resolv'd to make the best advantage of my voyage, and wou'd not declare my regret till I cou'd no longer hin-

der it: So that *Bellimante*, yeilding to my Implo-
rings, consented next day to go with me to this
retreat of *Favors*.

Accordingly the next morning we set out for
this amiable place; where we arrived, and find-
ing myself all alone, without interruption or fear,
with this very fair Creature, I advanced to a thou-
sand Freedoms which she, with some resistance, per-
mitted me to take: I was all Joy and Transport at
every advance, and still the nearer I approached
to the last Favour, the more blest I imagined my-
self; I grew more resolved, and she more feeble:
and at last, I was the Victor and *Bellimante* the Vi-
ctim; I remained some days with her, and one
would have imagined I should have been intirely
happy in this place with one so young and fair:
But behold the sickleness of Youth, and Man's
nature.

Tho my Heart were full of Passion,

And I found the yeilding Maid

Give a loose to inclination

While her Love her Flame betray'd;

Yet tho all she did impart,

Pain and Anguish prest my Heart.

Tho I found her all o'r Charming,

Fond and fighting in my Arms;

Yet my Heart a-new was warming

For *Bellinda's* unknown Charms;

Thought, if Beauty pleas'd me so,

What must Wit and Beauty too?

And though next day I found myself an hundred times more in Love with *Bellimante* than before, yet unless I could possess *Bellinda* too, I thought myself miserable; Yet every time she charmed me a-new I was upon the point of renouncing eternally *Bellinda*, and sacrificing her to my Passion for *Bellimante*: But I did not remain long in that Humour, but every day grew more and more unresolved in that point; and as *Bellimante* grew more fond I grew more cold; not but I had learnt to say so many kind and soft things in the time of my real Passion with *Silvia*, that I found it easie to speak every day such endearing Words as gave her no doubt of my Heart; nor was willing she should see to the bottom of it, where she would most certainly have found *Bellinda*; yet with such a mixture of Passion for herself, that it would have been hard to have distinguished, which had had the ascendant there; only my desire at present was the most considerable for the fair Object I had not yet possess'd, and whom I long'd to vanquish; perhaps,

as much for the Glory, as the Pleasure, though my Heart did not at this moment think so.

After some time that I had lived here with *Bellimante*, I made some pretext to leave her for a little while; she, who was extremely charmed with that Solitude, resolved to wait there my return, so that I had some pain in contriving how I should bring *Bellinda* to the same Castle as I wished to do; but it had in it many Mansions and Apartments, and, as I said, so retired from one another, that it was difficult to come at any time together or to meet: This consideration made me resolved, and very pressing with *Bellinda*, to go to this place, assuring her of such Diversion as she never met with in any other part of the World: She loved and was not long in persuading, and I had the Glory to conduct her in spite of all her Wit and Gayety, to this retreat of Solitude with me; where, unperceived, I obliged her to render me all that Love could allow, and more than Honour would permit: And I was for some days extremely happy, and possibly had continued so, (going from one Apartment to another, and, like the Great Sultan, visiting by turns my Beauties,) had not a malicious fate prevented my Grandeur and Pleasure.

It hapned one day that I had sued a repetition of Favours from *Bellinda*; she seeming resolved to grant me no more, repenting of those I had taken, and with a charming Sorrow reproaching me, making me a thousand times more pressing than before: At last her force growing weaker, her denials fainter, and my importunities more raging

ging; I found her yeilding, the Lilly in her Face gave place to the Roses, and Love and Trembling made her Eyes more fair, and just ready to render me all. We saw approaching us *Bellimante*, who, having heard how I sometimes past my hours, resolved to surprize me in my perfidie; and accordingly found us in a gloomy Arbour with all the Transports of Love in both our Faces, which it was too late to resettle and hide from this too sensible and jealous fair One: In vain I strove with all the Arguments of Love and Tenderness to appease her, or, if by any thing I said, I found her inclined to pardon me, on the other side it but served to incense and intrage *Bellinda*, to whom I had made equal Vows (at her coming to that place,) of eternal Fidelity. I am not able to express to you, my dear *Lysander*, what confusion I found myself in, I divided my Heart and my Intreaties between 'em, and knew not to which I most ardently meant 'em; I was very sensible, that while I treated both with equal Love and Respect, that I should gain neither, and yet if what I said to both had been addrest to any one of 'em, it would have prevailed; and I found it easie to have kept either, if I would resolve to quit the other; but my heart not inclining to that, or if it wou'd, not knowing which I shou'd chuse, made me remain between 'em both the most out-of-countenanced coxcomb, that ever was taken in the cheats of Love, while both were on either side reproaching me with all the malice and noise imaginable, so that not being able longer to endure the clamour,

clamour, I took my flight from'em both, and ran with all the force I cou'd to a Village call'd *Irresolution*; and where *Coquet Love* abandon'd me saying that place was not proper for him.

The Houses of this Village are for the most part not half built, but all appears very desolate and ruinous: It appertains to a Lady very fantastique of the same name. She makes a Figure pleasant enough, she never dresses herself, because she cannot determin what habit to put on; she is ever tormenting herself, still turning to this side and to that, yet never stirs from the place, because undetermin'd she knows not whither nor which way to go: And having so many in her mind resolves to go to neither; one always sees an Agitation in her Eyes, that keeps them in perpetual motion and fixt on nothing. You see her perpetually perplext with a thousand designs in her head at once, but puts none of them in execution.

I found myself in this place Ambarass'd with a thousand confusions and thoughts, for *Bellinda* and *Bellimante* had equally shar'd my soul, and I knew not for which I shou'd declare; nor whether the Wit and extream good Humour of the first were more powerful upon my heart, than the Beauty and softness of the last, so that I was wholly unable to determin which I shou'd quit, having the same sentiments for one as for the other, and resolv'd to abandon both rather than content myself with one: And the fear of losing one was the occasion of my losing both; in fine I was in the most
cruel

cruel incertainty in the World. And I cou'd not
 forbear saying a thousand times to myself,

When *Love* shall two fair objects mix,

And in the Heart two passions fix :

'Tis a pleasure too severe,

Cruel Joy we cannot bear.

Too much Love for two I own,

But too little flame for one.

While I was thus perplext betwixt these two violent passions, when no reason cou'd resolve me which to choose, as I was one day meditating what to do in this extreameity, a Woman presented herself to me, whose Beauty was infinitely transcending all I had ever beheld ; she had a noble and Majestick meen, a most Divine Air, and her charms cast so great a Lustre that I was dazl'd with Gazing on her ; she struck me with so profound a respect at the first sight of her Glory's, that I cou'd not forbear throwing myself at her feet, imploring I might be eternally permitted to Adore her, and to become her slave. When raising me from the ground, and looking on me with Eyes more Majestick than kind, she said to me in a loud voyce.

Fly,

Fly, *Lysidas*, this hated Place,

Too long thou'st bin a slave to Love.

Thy youth has yet a nobler Race

In more Illustrious paths to move.

Glory your fonder flame controuls,

Glory, the life of generous Souls.

Once you must Love to learn to live,

'Tis the first lesson youth shou'd learn;

Useful instructions Love will give,

If you avoid too much concern:

Loves flame, tho in appearance bright,

Deceives with false and glittering light.

But, *Lysidas*, the time is come

You must to Beauty bid adieu;

Recal your wandering passions home,

And only be to Glory true;

She is a Mistress that will last

When all Loves fires are gone and past.

Those

Those words, repeated to me with an Air haughty and imperious, toucht me to the very Soul, and made me blush a thousand times with shame to behold myself in that ridiculous state, almost reduc'd to the same tenderness for *Bellinda* and *Bellimante* I had before had for *Si'via* ; but I soon found my error and in an instant became more in Love with Glory than I had ever been in my life. Insomuch that I resolv'd to leave *Irresolution* and follow her. I confess at first it gave my heart som little pain to withdraw and disingage it from so long and so fond a custom, and I was more than once forc'd to parly thus with my imtractable and stubborn heart.

Oh ! fond remembrance ! do not bring

False notions to my easy heart.

And make the foolish tender thing

Think, that with Love it cannot part ;

Or dy whene're the charming God

Forsak's his old and kind abode.

And thou, my heart, be calm and Pleas'd,

For better hours thou now shalt see,

Of all thy Anxious torments eas'd

From all thy toyles and slavery free,

From

From Beauties Pride and peevish scorns

From Wits Intregueing false returns.

'Tis Honour now thou shalt persue,

Her dictates only shalt obey;

Yet Beauty en Passant may view

And be with all loves Pleasures Gay,

Quench when you please resistless fires,

But make no business of desires.

Thus, my dear *Lysander*, following Glory, I soon arriv'd at the extent of the Island of Love, and there I incounter'd a thousand Beauties, Attractions, Graces and Agreements; all which endeavor'd a new, but in vain, to engage me. I pass'd by 'em all without any regard only sight, as I beheld 'em with the remembrance, how once the meanest of those Beauties wou'd have charm'd me. I lookt back on all those happy shades, who had been conscious of my softest pleasures, and a thousand times I sighing bid 'em farwel, the Rivers, Springs and Fountains had my wishes that they might still be true and favor Lovers, as they had a thousand times done me. These dear remembrance, you may believe, stay'd some time with me, yet I wou'd not for an Empire have return'd to 'em again, nor have liv'd that life over a new I had so long and with so much pleasure persu'd.

After

After this I took a Vessel and put off from that shore, where, tho' I had met with many Misfortunes, I had also receiv'd a thousand joys: While it was in view I found myself toucht with some regret, but being sail'd out of sight of it, I sigh'd no more, but bid adieu to fond Love for ever.

All you Beauties and Attractions,

That make so many hearts submit;

Soft inspirers of affection

Mistresses of dear bought wit.

To whose Empire we resigning

Prove our homage justly due

After all our sighs and whining

Dear delight we bid adieu.

After all your fond *Caprices*,

All your Arts to seem Divine,

Painting, Patching and your Dresses,

Easy votaries to incline.

After all your couzening *Bitters*

Sighs and tears, but all untrue,

To your Gilding tricks and quillets,

I for ever bid adieu.



A Miscellany OF POEMS.

*To a Fair Lady, sent with a Miscellany of
Poems.*

Fair Charmer see how various Poets meet
To lay their several Labours at your Feet;
Whose different Fancies different Passions move,
The grinning Satyr, and the smiling Love,
And sure there's something that you may approve.
The Volume like a Landskip will appear,
Some parts less Beautiful, some Bright and Clear,
But where Defects i'th Picture you shall spy,
Be pleas'd their want of Lustre to supply,
And gild it with a Beam from your bright Eye.

To Urania in Mourning.

SEE where she sits in mourning Robes array'd,
Like Night's bright Goddess shining thro' a
(shade.

What Charms has this fair Mourner that can make
The sable dress of Grief such Beauty take.

Dull Custom has prescrib'd this sad Attire,

When Sorrow reigns, and Beauty wou'd retire.

But Sorrows self when by *Urania* worn,

Looks fair and charming as the rising Morn.

Thus when descending Angels would disguise

Their bright celestial Form from human Eyes;

Their Splendor thro' the borrow'd shape will shine,

And we perceive an Excellence Divine.

But while this lovely mourning Nymph we view,

We sigh, weep, languish, and turn Mourners too;

Yet with this difference, that while others weep

For Friends expir'd, and lodg'd in Death's calm

(Sleep.

A rest-

(3)

A restless waking Passion makes our Grief
That ne're can dye, nor ever hope Relief:
Yet would *Urania* from her Sorrows spare
To my Distress one balmy pitying Tear;
That Charity wou'd make me bless my Pain,
And never wish to be at Ease again.

SONG.

As wretched, vain, and indiscreet
Those Matches I deplore,
Whose Bartering Friends in Counsel meet,
To buddle in a Wedding Sheet
Some miserable Pair that never met before,
Poor Love of no account must be,
Tho' ne're so fixt and true,
No Merit but in Gold they see,
So Portion and Estate agree,
No matter what the Bride and Bridegroom do.

(4)

*Curst may all covetous Husbands be
That Wed with such Design,
And Curst they are; For while they ply
Their Wealth, some Lover by the By
Reaps the true Bliss, and digs the richer Mine.*

On Beauty.

A P I N D A R T C.

SAY all ye Judging wise,
Who into Nature's Secrets dive,
And can her unknown Reasons give
From whence great Beauties wond'rous power do's
rise,
Whose Universal Tyranny
Subdues the Tributary World, and brings
In equal Fetters Slaves and Kings,
To languish in a soft Captivity.
It triumphs o're the Strong and Proud,
It calms the Stormy and the Loud.

The

The stubborn and the frozen Cold dissolves,
 Perverts the wise Mans best Resolver.

The *Genius* of the Wits, and Braves employs
 In the important Subject of its Praise.

The Fool and Coward too inspires
 This with prevailling Wit, that with Heroick Fires.

Judah's wise King, when he
 Had studied Nature o're and o're,
 Surveying all her hidden Store,
 Even from the Reed to the triumphant Tree,
 Thro' all the spacious Universal round,
 Soft Beauty was the only good he found
 Worth setting his select Affections on.

'Twas there he bounded his Delights,
 His chearful Days, and charming Nights,
 On that most perfect Bliss beneath the Sun.
 Beauty alone inspir'd him with the Theme
 Of the bright Virgins of *Hierusalem*.
 From that alone his Divine Raptures sprung,
 Beauty his Business was, and Love was all his Song.

When *Alexander* had his Conquest hurl'd
O'er all the yielding Tributary World,

And found no more that could afford
New Business for his Glory, and his Sword,
'Tis said, He wept ; but when the *Persian* Maid
(With greater Charms) the Hero had survey'd,
He found the toil of Conquering her much more
Than all his worthless Worlds before.

He sigh'd and bow'd, lookt pale and red by turns,
To serve her was his whole delight,
Thinks it as brave, while thus he burns
Under soft *Venus*, as rough *Mars* to fight,
And Sieges lays of Sighs and Tears,
And tells soft Stories of his Heart,
Of restless Nights, and Days of Cares,
Of Pains, and Flames, and wild Despairs,
Of bleeding Wounds and Smart,
And found that no Fatigues of War
Were half so great as vanquishing the Fair !

But oh, no Victory cou'd so Charming prove,
As that of the dear Maids confessing Love.

David, whose harmonious String
Cou'd *Saul's* infernal Tempest calm,
And by the Musicks strange mysterious Balm,
Appeas'd the Frenzies of a raging King;
Yet stranger Charms in the fair *Hittite* found,
Which kindled to a softer Fire
His cold and languishing Desire.
And struggling Virtue in strong Fetters bound,
That pow'rful Aid was useless now,
When yet more pow'rful Beauty was in view,
He found no Musick cou'd appease
The troubled Spirits her fair Eyes did raise.
The Musick of her Voice did but inspire
A more tormenting Fire;
So great a Sympathy
There is between soft Love and Harmony.
In the wild darkness of Idolatry
Did *Clodoveus* see

'Twas more than vulgar Light
 That made the fair *Clotilda* look so bright,
 When from her conquering Eyes
 Surpriz'd, he saw such sparkling Flames arise,
 And therefore wisht to know
 The Spring from whence such Streams of Light did
 (flow,
 Why then shou'd I,
 Ye learned *Stoicks* tell me why?
 Think it unworthy of my Name
 To own a Generous and a Noble Flame,
 Since Love's Almighty Pow'r
 To whom the Young, the Great and Brave,
 The Wise, the Politick and Grave,
 Have bow'd to as their Conqueror
 What reasonable Man desires to pass
 For one more great and good than *David* was?
 Or who for Wisdom ever hop'd Renown
 Like wise, like sacred *Solomon*?

Or who in glorious Arms could ever dare

Like the fam'd Son of *Jupiter*?

Or if thou ly'st beneath the common Curse

Of being Bad, what than a Heathen worse;

Yet *Clodoveus* by Beauties piercing fight

Was brought from his *Egyptian* Night,

Directed by so fair a Hand,

He cou'd not miss the promis'd Land.

Then ye fond *Stoicks* flie

Your Learn'd, your Dull-School Foolery,

And lay your Speculation by,

Or you are greater Fops than I.

Lay by your Books, and this believe

By charming Beauty 'tis alone,

That true and false are to be known,

'Tis Beauty is alone Superlative.

SONG.

SONG.

Freedom is a real Treasure,
Love a Dream, all false and vain,
Short, uncertain is the Pleasure,
Sure and lasting is the Pain.

A sincere and tender Passion
Some ill Planet over-rules,
Ah how blind is Inclination,
Fate and Women dote on Fools.

SONG.

Ah how Dull it is to love,
Ah how Dull is past Desire,
How inspidly we move
In the flames of dying Fire.
Maidens if you will be Wise,
Rather dye than lose the Prize.

*Ab what Angel things are Men
 Ere the last Desires obtained,
 But alas are Devils when
 Cold forc'd Kisses are but fained.
 Maidens ab be warn'd by me,
 Rather Dye than Conquer'd be.*

To the Heroick Antonia.

Madam,

When first I saw your Conquering Face,
 You appear'd so Charming, and so full of
 (Grace,
 My Soul was into a new Wonder wrought,
 Which took increase from every look and thought.
 In all your Actions all the Virtues shinn'd,
 And every Word confess your generous Mind.
 The Number of such gallant Maids are few,
 Our Ages Birth has but produc'd us two,
 The fam'd *Astrea*, and more famous you.

Thou

Thou Monarch of your Sex alone dost Reign,
 And their lost Glory Nobly dost regain ;
 Thou shewst the Paths that do to Honour guide,
 How to be Great without the Vice of Pride.
 That vanity of a Spirit basely born,
 Thy Nobler Flights thy Sexes Arts do scorn.
 In thy gay Temper more true Graces lie,
 Than all their boasted fond Formality.
 Would they arrive at an Immortal Fame,
 And at the *Amazonian* Glory's aim,
 They must your generous Presidents pursue,
 Tho' still alas they must submit to you.
 With the learn'd Pen of some fam'd ancient Wit,
 In thy high Praise a Volume might be writ ;
 But humbler I with Blushes do confess,
 The Muses never did my Fancy bless
 To dip in *Helicon* have no pretence,
 And aim no higher than to praise with Sense ;
 Since at your Feet no Scepters I can lay,
 Let a mean Wreath of Flowers the Tribute pay.

To Laurinda.

Produce aspiring Muse thy Noblest strain,
 To sing the Charmer of our Court and Plain,
 No common one *Laurinda's* Praise can fit
 Empress of Beauty, Patroness of Wit.
 Twere Sacrilege this Tribute to defer,
 For Wit was born and flourishes with her.
 She makes Wits Court where ere she do's repair,
 The Muses and the Sacred Train are there.

Where ere she moves the Graces lead the way,
 And just Devotion to their Goddess pay.

This is the she, whose Praise we must Indite,
 Transcending mortal Verse, and common Flight.

Hear then industrious Muse, and understand
 The vast important Task thou hast in hand.
 Fetch me the Beauties of the blooming Spring,
 The richest Odors, spicy Gales can bring.

All Nature's scatter'd Glories join'd in one,
 A Present to the bright *Laurinda's* Throne.
 The Smiles that did the Infant World adorn,
 The fairest Lustre of the Rising Morn,
 The Calm, the Joy that breaking Day inspires,
 When it to Anthems wakes the fether'd Quires,
 The Souls of Stars are yet more pure and bright,
 Abstracted Beams, and *Empyrean* Light.
 The Pride of Halcyon Seas, unclouded Air,
 All these my Muse, with wond'rous skill prepare
 A Diadem for bright *Laurinda's* hair.

Desist deluded Muse, we vainly toil,
 All these will prove but fair *Laurinda's* Foil.
 In vain thou seekst abroad the blooming Year,
 The Beauties of the Spring are all in her.
 All Nature's scatter'd Glories thou wilt find
 Already center'd in her Form and Mind.
 The Smiles that did the Infant World adorn,
 Less bright than those that on her Face are worn.

Her Presence Joy and Summer calm, supplies,
 And Day is always breaking in her Eyes,
 Herself the sweetest Anthem will inspire,
 And teach us to excel the fether'd Quire.
 Her Charms excel the pride of Earth and Air,
 No Sea-born *Venus* e're was half so fair.
 Thus slender Mufe thy daring Course is crost,
 And in the Ocean of Perfection lost.

Yet something thou art still oblig'd to say,
 Thy grateful Offering on her Altar lay,
 And own at least the Debt thou canst not pay.
 Seize the Occasion, and this Boon obtain
 To be the humblest Waiter in her Train.

On a Lady singing.

How like *Elixium* is the Grove
 When chaste *Dorinda* sings of Love,
 It charms the troubled Soul to rest,
 And makes a Calm in every Breast,
 With

With various kinds of Harmony
 She strikes at once the Ear and Eye;
 So soft a Voice, and she so Fair,
 Gives double sweetness to the Air.

The wretched *Strepson* dumb with Pain
 And Grief, too heavy to complain
 When young *Dorinda* tunes her Voice,
 Forgets his Woes, and dreams of Joys,
 Ah lovely Charmer be so kind
 To ease sometimes a tortur'd Mind,
 His Groans with gentle Sighs controul,
 And breathe a Calm into my Soul.

To Mr. W.

WHY this talking still of Dying?
 Why this dismal Look and Groan,
 Leave fond Lover, leave your Sighing,
 Let these fruitless Arts alone,

Love's

Love's the Child of Joy and Pleasure,
 Born of Beauty, nurs'd with Wit,
 Much amiss you take your measure,
 This dull whining way to hit.

Tender Maids you fright from loving
 By th' effect they see in you.

If you wou'd be truly moving,
 Eagerly the Point pursue,

Brisk and gay appear in Wooing,
 Pleasant be if you wou'd please;
 All this Talking, and no Doing,
 Will not Love, but Hate, increase;

Armida: Or, The Fair Gill.

NOT Circe nor Medea had such Art,
 Nor powerful Charms to captivate a Heart;
 Nor Siren's Voices with so pleasing sound,
 Lull those asleep whom they design to wound.

For a new Conquest all her Skill she tries,
 But yet by different ways to gain the Prize,
 As Time and Humors fit, Her Looks appear
 Bashful sometimes, and full of Virgin fear.
 Then earnest and lascivious as she finds
 Her Beauty work upon her Lovers minds,
 When e're the bashful Youth fears his Success:
 She gives the Trembler hopes by soft Address,
 Advances with more sweetness in her Face,
 And fires him with some kind peculiar Grace,
 Soothes his fond Heart, and dissipates his Fear,
 And thaws the Ice her Scorns had gather'd there.
 But if the God of Love infuse his Dart,
 And captivate a bold and forward Heart.
 Her Eyes assume their state, and her neglect
 Creates a doubtful Fear mixt with respect.
 Yet lest, too much of Scorn produce Despair,
 Some glance of kindness in her Eyes appear,
 While hardly gain'd she makes the blessing dear.
 But still the Cloud she cunningly declines,
 And fits her Looks to second her Designs. Some-

Sometimes she seems to smother Sighs with Pain,
 And calls up Tears, then turns 'em back again.
 As if the softning Tide she wou'd not shew,
 But that in spite of all her Pride, they flow.
 And all to make a thousand easie Hearts
 To weep in earnest by her coz'ning Arts.
 And with the flames of Pity tempers so
 The Darts of Love, none can resist the Blow.
 And when she finds a Lover coming on,
 Yet not so fast to be too soon undone,
 There all her Arts of Languishment she tries,
 Sweetens her whispering Voice, softens her Eyes,
 Touches his hand as if it were by chance,
 And yields herself to every kind advance:
 Looks on his Eyes, then strait declines her own,
 And seems to love, as not to have it shewn,
 And having thus proceeded in her Art,
 Breaks forth, as if she cou'd not guard her Heart.
 Too long, she cries, I have suppress my Fire,
 Take all my Heart, and all Love can desire.

Thus while she softly speaks, and sweetly smiles,
 And doubly charms the Senses by these Wiles,
 She do's a Faith in strongest Souls create,
 And gains a Conquest in despite of Fate.

Ah cruel Love! the Honey and the Gall,
 Which thou afford'st, do equally Enthal;
 And all our Ills, and all our Cures from Thee,
 Are mortal to us in the same degree :
 If any of Inconstancy complain
 Of broken Vows and her unjust disdain,
 She faines herself unpractis'd in Loves Arts,
 And that she wants the charmes should vanquish
 (hearts.

And looks with such a Blushing Modesty,
 As undeceives your fancy'd Injury.
 And thus the Thorne lies hid that she does bear
 Under the Roses which her Beauties wear.
 So in the earliest rise of day, we spy
 The ruddy Morning mingled with the Sky.

While

While shame and anger in her looks appear,
Both seem confus'dly mixt together there

Thus in delusive Dream the time being spent,
Weary with cozenage and discontent,
Even hope itself he scarcely now retains,
But like a Hunter at the last remains,
Who having to no purpose spent the day,
At last loses the track of the lost Prey.

Such were the Practices and such the Arts,
By which she can insnare ten thousand hearts ;
Or rather such the pow'rful armes do prove,
By which she conquers and makes slaves to Love.

Predictions for Saturday next.

ON Saturday the twenty fourth,
(The wind fresh blowing from the North,)
Two glorious Stars their Spheres shall change,
And into other Climats range.

Then tell me, Muse, and tell me true,
 What Alterations shall ensue;
 Predict at least, what weather shall
 Our Dark Horizon then befall,
 Tempests and Earth-quakes, I presage,
 Shall at that Dreadful season rage,
 A Cloud of dark desponding Fears,
 A storm of Sigh's and flood of Teares;
 And many a wretched Lovers heart
 Be wreckt and torne, when they depart.

*To Astrea, on her sending me a Bottle of
 Orange-floure Water.*

Could I but half so rich a Verse invent,
 As was the Cordial which *Astrea* sent;
 My Muse herself the Messenger wou'd prove,
 Born on the wings of Poetry and Love;
 But all the Muses Spring can ne're repay
 The Present my *Astrea* did convey.

Now,

Now, *Strepson*, hope, *Astrea* does incline
 To Pity thee, since Cordials so Divine
 Are only fit for hearts that bleed, like mine.

To *Cloris* going into the Country.

O H, tell me *Cloris*, tell me, why
 You take delight to see men dy.
 And, *Parthian*-like, kill, while you fly.
 Return, if not for charity,
 At least for Pride, return to see
 The Trophies of your Victory.

Can you such crueltie persue?
 And make your Eyes thole mischeifs do,
 Which they despise, or fear to rue?

Ah Nymph, if you persist to take
 This course, and every place forsake
 As soon as you a Lover make.

No Residence for *Cloris* can be found,
 Since where soere she goes she's sure to wound,

S O N G.

IN vain does Hymen with Religious Vows
 Oblige his Slaves to wear his chaines with ease,
 A Privilege alone that Love allows,
 'Tis Love alone can make our Fetters please.

The Angry Tyrant lays his Toke on all,
 Yet in his fiercest Rage is charming still:
 Officious Hymen comes whenever'e we call,
 But haughty Love comes only when He will.

To a Lady, (whom he never saw, nor had
 any description of.) to prove he Loves
 her.

By a Person of Quality.

BRightest of Virgins! Whose high Race and
 (Name
 Belpeaks you worthy of the Noblest flame,

Armen

Armes you with power Divine, that can dispense
 Its Influence beyond the reach of sense,
 Making us frame of you, as Heaven above,
 Idea's of our Ignorance and Love.

Disdain not, fairest, such Devotions then
 As the best worshippers offer to Heav'n,
 Nor think 'em feign'd, since things above do grow
 (Concealed and distant) more admir'd below.

Absence creates esteem, and makes that fire
 (Which the Suns near approaches quench) aspire,
 While those who do enjoy perpetual rays
 Curse those bright Beames that Crown our Halcyon
 (day.

Know then, my Passion Real is and Great,
 Not such as from dull sense derives its heat,
 But Sympathy; that Royal Law that binds
 In a close yunion things of different kinds,
 That secret charm of Nature which inspires
 The whole creation with Harmonious fires.

Heads Cupids Arrows, guides his Roving Bow,
Extends its Empire o're all things below.

Since then you know I Love, how much, and
(how,

If of my Passion you still disallow,
Know then the Lot is cast, the Gods approve
The Fates Decree, and have pronounc'd, I Love?

Song by the same hand.

Some Brag of there Cloris, and some of their
(Phyllis,
Some cry up their Celia's and bright Amarillis,

Thus Poets and Lovers their Mistresses Dub,
And Goddesses frame from the Wash-bowl and Tub;
But away with these fictions, and counterfeit folly,
7 here's a thousand more charmer in the name of my
(Dolly.

I cannot describe nor her Beauty and Wit,
Like Manna to each she's the Relishing Bit

She alone by enjoyment the more does prevail,
 And still with fresh pleasure does hoist up your sail,
 Niy had you a surfeit took of all others
 One Look of my Doll strait your stomach recovers.

But when I consider her Humour and feature,
 I'm apt to suspect she's inclin'd to the creature,
 What contrary winds in my Breast then arise,
 What hopes and what fear and what doubt do surprise?
 What Storms do I feel of trouble and care,
 While my wishes themselves at variance are?
 For sometimes I wish her more cruel, less fair,
 But then I should either not Love, or despair:
 I'd have her to Love too, not Amorous be,
 I'd have her be coy, but kinder to me.
 But should she in me this Humour discover,
 She'd quickly discard her Impertinent Lover,

Sleeping

Sleeping on her fair hand.

IF custom those for Poets dos allow,
 That once have slept upon *Parnassus* brow,
 Why may not I to that Ambition grow,
 Who Slept upon this fairer Hill of Snow.
 At least in this our fancies do agree
 They of their Mountain write, and I of thee,
 And as they beg the favor of the nine,
 To match their noblest flights I aske but thine.

To Gloriana on saying I had a tough heart.

First let the Lyon dread the bleating Sheep,
 The winds be husht, the Sea's and Fountains
 (sleep.
 The day's bright Empire to the night resign,
 And water freez beneath the burning Line,
 These contradictions sooner shall be found
 Than *Gloriana's* Beauty fail to wound.

Allow,

Allow, fair charmer, that (as you have said,) 10
 My heart were of the toughest Temper made, 11
 What privilege can thence to me befall, 12
 'Gainst those prevailing powers, that conquer all, 13
 If feebler charmes the force of Love can shew, 14
 Then how much deeper must his Arrows goe 15
 When *Gloriana's* Eye-brow is the Bow. 16

Sent with Ovids Epistles, to a fair Lady.

After Present sure was never made,
 Than these Epistles to your hand convey'd.
 For there the Loves of Ladys most appear.
 These couplets only *Strephons* Passion bear.
 A Passion true as theirs, more full of heart
 And brings in substance, what it wants in Art.
 But if in slighted Flames they ever burn'd
 Their wrongs upon our sex are now return'd
 For never they their Lovers did pursue
 With half that Passion that I sigh for you ;

OF Love, the only Picture there you see
But have the true Original in me.
Your Justice therefore must this truth approve,
They better write of Love, I better Love.

Sent with a Basket of Fruit :

THe Streets with flowry Garlands we
(shou'd crown
To welcom fair *Astrea* to the Town.
Officious Cupids at her feet shou'd lay
The fairest Treasures of the Blooming *May*;
But now we seek the Summers store in vain,
For these Autumnal Fruits alone remain,
Which mourning Loves shou'd to *Astrea* bear,
As Legacies of the departed year.
But when the little Messengers shall spye
The Charming Nymph, transported they will cry,
No more, my Mates, your Winter Presents bring,
For we have found the Goddess of the Spring.

Love

Love cannot be indifferent.

INdifference in Love? it cannot be,
 'Tis contradiction to the last degree?
 Cool temp'rate Passion is an empty name,
 And greater nonsense than a freezing flame:
 Hope, fear, and joy may with degrees dispense,
 These Passions but by halves affect our sense,
 But when we love, 'tis still with violence. }
 And that dull Shepherd, who this truth denies
 Sure never must have seen *Astrea's* eyes;
 Half Beauties may perhaps half Passions move,
 But She still wounds with all the force of Love:
 Yet whilst such rigorous flames she does inspire,
 Preserves herself Unmov'd by any fire:
 Who gaze upon her Charms are sure to burn,
 And are as certain to have no return,
 Yet ne're repent them of their destiny,
 But count it greater Bliss for her to dye }
 Than in the Armes of other Beauties lye. }

To

To Astrea,

On her absence, during which I cou'd not write.

IF e're I had a sparke o'the Poets flame
 From fair *Astrea's* quickning Beams it came;
 And since the meanest Writer will aspire
 To call his faculty a sacred fire;
 Why may not I presume that mine is so,
 That from a cause so excellent did grow?
 But its not strange, since it was born so high
 That like an earthly vapour it shou'd dye.
 No, no, *Astrea*, tis my greatest Pride,
 That in appearance for a while it dy'd:
 This seeming weakness proves its birth was true;
 And that the noble flame was caus'd by you:
 'Twas in your absence, that my Muse lay dead
 But at the sight of you lifts up its head:
 She wakes *Astrea's* Grates to rehearse,
 And pay the tribute of a thankful verse;

So the Springs Bird, the Swallow's seen no more
 When Winters stormy Blasts begin to roar.
 But with the Springs return, she sings again
 And takes her nimble flight o're ev'ry Plain.
 Yet tho' the Poets fire grew cold, my breast
 Retain'd one flame, that cou'd not be suppress'd
 A flame, that like the other did arise,
 And first was kindled by *Astrea's* Ey's.
 But, This no Absence can destroy, 'twill burn
 Tho' with despair oppress'd and sure of no Return;

To the most accomplish'd Heroick, and incomparable, the Lady Antonia.

Madam,

Your charming sex, tis true, can only claim
 By native right th' exalted Poets flame.
 But nature has so frugally to most
 Dispens'd her gifts, that few perfection boast.
 Beauty for one she thinks a Portion fit,
 Where Beauty failes she makes amends with wit.

D

But

But where her niggard hand does neither grant,
A generous soul supplys the double want.

On all the rest her favours singly fall,
Antonia only has engroft them all.

Thus when my Muse wou'd shew herself with Grace
I bid her Copy from *Antonia's* face,

And when with wit she wou'd my verse inspire,
Take from your Eyes the brisk enlivening fire.

Or if she wou'd present an Empress part,
Than to consult *Antonia's* generous heart.

Oh! had *Apelles*, when he *Venus* drew

And robb'd the Sex to make his Picture true,

Had the great *Artist* once *Antonia* seen,

Once view'd her Beauty and Heroick Meen,

The whole sex to his Aid he need not call

To glean the several charmes —

For in your Person he had found them all.

Sent with Cowleys workes to Astrea.

THe Gentle *Cowley*, in a mournful strain,
 Once of Injurious fortune did complain.
 But thought not then, that our obliging times
 Wou'd recompence his unrewarded Rhimes;
 For now presented at *Astrea's* feet
 His noble Muse her full reward does meet:
 The Mistres, whose bright charmes such fame did
 (gain,
 Was but a fair creation of his Brain.
 And nature griev'd, to see the Art of thought
 Exceed the finest Pieces, she had wrought,
 Resolv'd to try the best her Power cou'd do,
 Expressing all his fancy'd charmes in you:
 Since then in you those reall beauties live,
 That to those Poems such applause cou'd give,
 No wonder that I feel a flame for you,
 Beyond what *Cowley* e're describ'd or knew,

Think therefore, when his tender lines you see,
Your self the Mistress, and the Lover me.

To my Heart.

WHat ail'st thou, oh thou trembling thing
To Pant and Languish in my Breast,
Like Birds that fain wou'd try the callow wing
And leave the Downy nest?

Why hast thou fill'd thyself with thought
Strange, new, fantastick as the Air?

Why to thy Peaceful Empire hast thou brought

That restless Tyrant, Care?

But oh alas, I ask in vain

Thou answer'st nothing back again,

But in soft sighs *Aminor's* name.

Oh thou betrayer of my liberty,

Thou fond deceiver, what's the youth to thee!

What has he done, what has he said

That thus has conquer'd or betray'd?

He

He

He came and saw but 'twas by such a light,
 As scarce distinguish'd day from night;
 Such as in thick-grown shades is found
 When here and there a piercing Beam
 Scatters faint spangl'd Sun-shine on the ground
 And casts about a melancholy gleam,
 But so obscure I could not see
 The charming Eyes that wounded thee,
 But they, like gems, by their own light
 Betray'd their value through the gloom of Night.
 I felt thee heave at every look,
 And stop my Language as I spoke.
 I felt thy Blood fly upward to my Face,
 While thou unguarded lay
 Yeilding to every word, to every Grace,
 Fond to be made a prey.
 I left thee watching in my Eyes
 And listening in my Eare.

Discovering weakness in thy sighs

Uneasy with thy fear.

Suffering Imagination to deceive,

I found thee willing to believe,

And with the treacherous shade conspire,

To let into thyself a dangerous fire.

Ah foolish wanderer, say, what woud'st thou do,

If thou shou'dst find at second view,

That all thou fanciest now were true,

If thou shou'dst find by day those charms,

Which thus observ'd threaten undoing harms.

If thou shou'dst find that awful mien,

Not the effects of first Address,

Nor of my conversation disesteem

But noble native fullness ;

If thou shouldst find that soft good-natur'd voyce

(Unused to insolence and noise,)

Still thus adorn'd with modesty.

And

And his minds virtues with his wit agree,
 Tell me, thou forward lavish fool,
 What reason cou'd thy fate controul,
 Or save the ruin of thy Soul ?
 Cease then to languish for the coming day,
 That may direct his wandering steps that way,
 When I again shall the loud form survey.

DIALOGUE

Thirsis and Clarona,

Thirsis.

Hail, *Clarona*, clear as Morning

In its brightest gay attire,

Love and Beauties cheif adorning

Mistress of all soft desire ;

Hail, *Clarona*, Joy of Swains,

Charmer of the Fields and Plaines.

*Clarona.**Thirsis*, often have you crown'd me

In the Shady Cyprius Grove,

And your flowing sighs did wound me,

When you wept and talk't of Love.

And when for kisses you have strove,

Tho I cha'ft and tho I cry'd,

With much ado you were deny'd.

But, *Thirsis*, if you will be true,

I can Love as well as you,

Tho once I said I would deceive ye,

Yet; my *Thirsis*, dont believe me.*Thirsis.*Oh, *Clarona*, Joy attend thee

All the Gods and powers defend thee

Sweeter are thy words, than Song,

Melting Musick's in thy Tongue.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Now we'll chant, we'll live and love

And welcome in the Spring.

Our Pleasures we will still improve,

In every Thicket, Shade and Grove,

With Love and Musicks trembling string,

SONG.

Beneath a cool shade, where some here have been,

Convenient for Lovers, most pleasant and green,

Alexis and Cloris lay pressing soft Flowers,

With Kissing and Loving they past the dull hours.

She close in his Arms with her head on his breast,

And fainting with pleasure; you guess at the rest:

She blusht and she sigh'd with a Joy beyond measure,

All ravisht with Billing and dying with Pleasure,

But while thus in Transports extended they lay,

A Hansom young Shepherd was passing that way!

She

*She saw him and cry'd --- oh Alexia, betray'd !
 Oh what have you done --- you have ruin'd a Maid,
 But the Shepherd being modest discreetly past by,
 And fest 'em again at their leisure to dy.
 And often they Languish'd with Joy beyond measure,
 All Ravisht with Billing and dying with Pleasure.*

Strephon to his three Mistresses.

SEE, fair *Astrea*, what your charms can do,
 To make a Lover and a Poet two,
 Where yours and *Gloriana's* Powful Beams
 With Beautiful *Eliza* are the Theams,
 The heaviest fancy to a Height must soar,
 So easie 'tis to write when we adore.
 Each like a Planet singly and apart
 Can thro' the Soul your piercing fancy's dart ;
 How strangely then must you affect the mind,
 When thus in Glorious constellation joyn'd ?

Ah! too like Planets each her powr employs,
Bright while she wounds; and shines while she
(destroys)

Each is the dazzling object of desire,
But oh! alike creates a hopeless fire.

Astrea, alwaies Airy, Witty, Gay,
As Nymphs that by *Diana's* fountain play,
Against th' assaults of Love her heart maintains,
And ne're regards the sighs of dying Swains,
In vain I gaze on *Gloriana's* Eyes
Already made another *Shepherd's* prize.
One truly happy Swain enjoys intire
Those precious charms for which the rest Expire.
And tho' *Eliza's* free, I'm wretched still;
For what avails the powr without the will.
How strange a fate ha's Love for me decreed,
For one I burn, and another Bleed,
Dy for the third, and yet with none succeed.

*To the Fam'd Antonia,
on her Dwelling.*

THOU Glory of the Age, best of thy kind,
An Angels fabrick, and an Angels mind:
Thou, whose Heroick vertues may atone
For all the vice thy frailer sex have shewn;
To more than common greatness thou wer't born
No scanty Glories did thy fame adorn,
Thy Soul all Man; soft Woman all thy Form.
At once his Arms possess, who thee embrace,
A Heroine *Venus*, and a Love-sick *Mars*.
All that thy sex cou'd ever render fair
All that fond man thinks worthy of his care,
In thy bright Mind and Body center'd are,
Some power Divine still dwells upon thy Tongue,
And all thou speak't is one Immortal Song;

Angels

Angels and Gods of Love do listning sit,
 Charm'd with the Musick of thy voyce and wit,
 A wit uncircumscrib'd by femal rules,
 That nice, that dull, excuse for silent Fooles,
 You never speak, but like the sacred Word
 It does a blessing to mankind afford;
 Use and instruction tis, that never fails,
 A Rhetorick, that in spight of force prevailes;
 Generous as nature, when first Spring she bred,
 And o're the new-born World her Bounties shed,
 Like Heaven dispensing goodness all a round,
 And thy large Soul, like that, admits no bound.
 Oh hadst thou liv'd in those Illustrious days,
 When *Rome* did Statues to vast Merits raise,
 Thine in their Temples had Triumphant stood,
 And found an equal worship with some God.
 Fondly they now adore their *Portia's* name,
 Who for one single wound atchiev'd such fame,
 When 'twas but female cunning at the best,
 To buy the secret from her Husbands breast.

'Twas

'Twas Lust of curiosity alone,
 Thy undefigning valor's all thy own.
 Born in thy mighty Soul, and lives and Reigns
 Scorning returns of mercenary gains.
 Had'st thou bin *Portia*, thou had'st farther gone,
 And not content the great design t'have known
 Had'st help't the Generous youth the deed to do,
 And 'mongst the number fixt thy Dagger two;
 She but th' indulgent Wife express'd alone,
 But thou much more the Wife and Friend had'st
 (shewn
 And with a just disdain of Tyrannie
 Assisted in the noble Victory,
 On thy firm faith great *Brutus* might rely,
 Who seeing him conquer'd cou'd as bravely dy:
 Let *Rome* adore recorded *Portia's* fame,
 While *Britain* boast's alone thy mightier na

SONG.

SONG. *on occasion.*

ALL Joy to mortals ! Joy and mirth
 Eternal Jo's sing,

The Gods of Love descend to Earth
 Their Darts have lost the sting.
 The Youth shall now complain no more
 On Silvias needless scorn,
 But she shall Love, if he Adore ;
 And melt when he shall Burn.

The Nymph no longer shall be shy,
 But leave the gilting Road ;
 And Daphne now no more shall fly
 The wounded panting God !
 But all shall be serene and fair,
 No sad complaints of Love
 Shall fill the gentle whispering Air ;
 No Ecchoing sighs the Grove.

*Beneath the shade's young Strephon lies,
 Of all his wish possest,
 Gazing on Silvia's charming Eyes,
 Whose Soul is there confest.
 All soft and sweet the Maid appears,
 With looks that know no Art;
 And tho' she yield with trembling fears,
 She yields with all her Heart.*

ON

*On an ungrateful and undeserving Mistress,
whom he cou'd not help Loving.*

*Being a Paraphrastical Translation of Ovid's
10^m Elegie Lib. 3. Amorum.*

I Have too long endur'd her guilty scorn,
Too long her falseness my fond love has born:
My freedom and my Wit at length I claim,
Begon, base Passion! dy, unworthy flame!
My lifes sole torment, and my honours stain,
Quit this tir'd heart and end my lingring pain.
I have resolv'd to be myself once more;
Long banisht reason to her rights restore,
And throw off Loves Tyrannick sway, that still
(incroching powr.
My growing shame I see at last, tho late,
And my past follies both despise and hate;
Hold out, my heart, nor let her Beauti's move,
Be constant in thy Anger, as thy Love.

E

Thy

Thy present pains shall give thee future ease,
 As bitter Potions cure, tho' they displease.
 'Tis for this end, for freedom more assur'd,
 I have so long such shameful pains endur'd.
 Like a scorn'd slave before her door I lay,
 And proud repulses suffer'd every day.
 Without complaining, banisht from her sight,
 On the cold ground I spent the tedious night.
 While some glad Rival in her Arms did lye,
 Glutted with Love and surfeited with Joy.
 Thence have I seen the tir'd Adulterer come,
 Dragging a weak exhausted Carcass home;
 And yet this curse a blessing I esteem,
 Compar'd to that of being seen by him!
 By him descry'd attending in the street,
 May my Foes onely such disgraces meet.
 What toyl and time has this false Woman cost,
 How much of unreturning Youth has for her sake
 (bin lost ?

How

How long did I, where fancy led or fate,
 Unthank'd, unminded, on her Rambles waite;
 Her steps, her looks, were still by mine persw'd,
 And watch'd by me, she charm'd the gazing
 (crowd.

My diligent Love and over-fond desire
 Has bin the means to kin dle Others fire.

What need I mention every little wrong,
 Or curse the softness of her soothing Tongue!

The private love-signs that in publick pass
 Between her and some common staring Ass,

The Coquets Arts her faithless heart allows,
 Or tax her with a thousand broken vows.

I hear she's sick and with wild haste I run,
 Officious haste, and visit Importune.

Entring, my Rival on her bed I see,
 The Politique sickness onely was to me,

With this and more oft has my Love been try'd,
 Some other Coxcomb let her now provide,

To bear her jilting and maintayn her pride.

My batter'd Bark has reach'd the Port at last,
 Nor fears again the billows, it has past:
 Cease your soft Oaths and that still ready showre,
 Those once dear words have lost their wonted
 (Power.)

In vain you flatter, I am now no more
 That easy fool you found me heretofore.
 Anger and Love a doubtful fight maintain,
 Each strive by turns my staggering heart to gain
 But what can long against Loves Power contend?
 My Love, I fear, will Conquer in the end.
 I'll do what e're I can to hate you still;
 And if I Love, know 'tis against my will.
 So the Bull hates the Plowmans Yoke to wear,
 Yet what he hates his stubborn neck must bear.
 Her Manners oft my indignation raise,
 But streight her Beauty the short storm always.
 Her Life I loath, her Person I adore,
 Much I condemn her, but I Love her more :

Both

Both with her and without her, I'm in pain,
 And rage to lose what I shou'd blush to gain,
 Uncertain yet at what my wishes aim:

Loth to abandon Love, or part with Fame.

That Angel-Form ill suits a Soul all sin,

Ah I be less fair without, or more within.

When those soft smiles my yeilding powers invade,
 In vain I call her Vices to my Aid.

Tho now disdainng the disguise of Art,

In my esteem her conduct claims no part,

Her Face a natural right has to my heart.

No crimes so black are to deform her Eyes,

Those Clouds must scatter when these Suns shall
 (rise.

Enough, fair Conquerour, the day's your own;

See at your feet Lov's Uanquish'd Rebel thrown.

By those dear Joys, Joys dear tho they are past,

When in the kindest links of Love we held each
 (other fast.

By the injur'd Gods, your false Oaths did profane,
 By all those Beauties that inspire disdain,
 By that Lov'd face from the whole sex elect,
 To which I all my Vows and Pray'rs direct.
 And equal with a Power divine respect,
 By every feature of a form so fine,
 And by those Eyes that charm and dazle mine,
 Spare from new triumph, cherish without Art
 This ever faithful, this too tender, heart.
 A heart, that was respectful while it strove,
 But yeilding is all blind impetuous Love.
 Live as you please, torment me as you will,
 Still are you fair, and I must Love you still,
 Think only if with just and clement Reign,
 A willing subject you wou'd chuse to gain,
 Or drag a Conquer'd Vassal in a chain.
 But to what ever conduct you incline
 Do, suffer, be, what my worst fears divine;
 You are, you ought, you must, you shall be Mine.

Reason,

Reason, for ever the vain strife give o're,
 Thy cruel wisdom I can bear no more;
 Let me indulge this one soft Passions rule,
 Curb vexing Sence, and be a happy fool
 With full-spread Sayls the tempting gale obey,
 That down Loves-current drives me fast away.

On the Death of Melantha.

WEep, all you Virgins, meet o're this sad
 (Hearse,
 And you, great Goddess, of Immortal Verse:

Come here a while and Mourn,
 Weave not with Rosy Crowns your hair,
 Let tears be all the Gems you wear.
 And shed them plentifully on this Urn,
 For 'tis *Melantha*, 'tis that lovely fair,
 That lys beneath this weeping Marble here.

But wou'd you know, why she has took her flight
 Into the Bosom of eternal night,
 Before her Beauties scarce had shew'd their light

Hark, and lament her fate;

As the young God of Love one day
 Sate on a Rock at play,

And wantonly let fly his darts

Among the *Nymphs* and *Shepherds* hearts,

Melantha by unhappy chance came by,

Love jesting cry'd, I'll make her prove

The Godhead, she contemn'd, of Love.

In scorn she bad him strike and did his shaft defy,

While the Boy slightly threw a dart

To wound, but not destroy, her Heart,

But greedy Death, fond of this Beauteous prey,

Caught the swift Arrow as it flew,

And added to't his own strength too,

Which made so deep a wound, that, as she lay,

In silent sighs she breath'd her Soul away.

Then

Then all the little Gods begun to weep,
Oh let your sighs with theirs due measure keep :

For fair *Melantha* she is dead.

Her Beauteous Soul to Deaths dark Empire's fled,
Flora, the Bounteous Goddess of the Plains,
Who in fresh Groves and sweetest Meadows raigns,

Hearing the fair *Melantha* dead,

Brought all her Odorous wealth to spread
Over the grave where she was laid.

Then straight the Infant Spring began to fade,

And all the Fields where she did keep,

And fold her bleating Flocks of Sheep,

Their influence lost, with her fair Eyes, decayed ;

For fair *Melantha*, by whose cruel pride

So many sad despairing Swains had dy'd,

Felt Love at last, but death she rather chose

Than own the Lov'd, or the hid flame disclose.

Speak,

Speak, Muses, for you hold immortal state
 With Gods and know the Mysterjes of fate,
 You all what ever's past or present see,

And read the unwritten Pages o're
 Of times great Chronicle before
 Events, and time, had writ what fate resolv'd shou'd
 (be.

Tell me, what Beauty is, whose force controuls
 Reason and Power, and over mankind rules :
 Kings stoop to Beauty and the Crowns they wear
 Shine not with so much lustre, as the fair.

Beauty a larger Empire do's command
 Than the great Monarch of the Seas and Land.
 She can the coldest Anchorits inflame,
 Cool Tyrants rage, and stroke their passions tame.
 She can call youth to her forsaken seat

In wither'd Veines and give new life and heat.
 She can subdue the fierce, the proud, and strong,
 Give courage to the weak, the fearful and the
 (young.
 Beauty,

Beauty, the only Deity, we know,
 With fear and awe we to her Altars go,
 And there our purest zeal of Prayers, and vows,
 (bestow.

Sure then it only seems to dy,
 And when it leaves us, mounts above
 To the Eternal roof of Jove,
 To be a Constellation and enrich the Sky,
 But shou'd I search the spangled sphear
 For Metamorphets Beauty there,
 Nothing of *Helen* now is seen,
 Nor the fair Egyptian Queen:
 Or thou, whose Eyes were constellations here,
 Oh then thy fate we can't enough deplore
 With thee thy Beauty dy'd and 'tis no more,
 Then let us give *Melantha's* fate 'its due;
 Strew Cyprus on her Hearse, and wreaths of Yew,
 For fair *Melantha*, poore *Melantha's* dead,
 Her sighing Soul to death's eternal Empire's fled.

To the

NIGHTINGAL

coming in the Spring.

To invite Cloe from the Tumults of the
Town to the innocent retreat in the Country.

Written by a Person of Quality in 1680.

Little Songster, who dost bring
Joy and Musick to the Spring,
Welcome to our grateful Swains,
And the Nymphs, that grace the Plains.
How the Youths thy absence mourn ?
What their Joy at thy return ?
For their mirth and sports are done
All the year that thou art gone,
But at thy approach, their joys
Take new date from thy dear voyce.

Every

Every Shepherd chuses then
 Some fair Nymph for *Valentine*,
 While the Maid with equal Love
 Do's the happy choyce approve,
 Underneath some shade he sits,
 Where soft silence Love begets
 And in Artless sighs he bears
 Untaught passion to her Ears,
 No deceit is in his Tongue,
 Nor she fears, nor suffers wrong;
 But each others faith believe,
 And each hour their Loves revive.

Often have I wisht to be,
 Happy *Damon*, blest as thee,
 Not that I for *Silvia* pine,
Silvia, who is onely thine,
 But that *Cloe* cannot be
 Kind, as *Silvia* is to thee.

Thou

Thou, dear Bird, whose voice may find
 Charms perhaps to make her kind,
 Bear a message to her Breast,
 And make me happy as the rest.
 [*London in the Plot-time.*]
 In the Place where Tumult dwells,
 Treasons Lurk, Ambition swells,
 Pride erects her monstrous head,
 And Perjury swears the guiltless dead,
 Powr oppresses, envy pines,
 Friends betray, and fraud designs.
 Fears and Jealousie surpris
 Rest and slumber from our Eyes,
 And where vice all Ill contains,
 And in gloomy glory reigns ;
 Where the Loyal, Brave and Just
 Are victims to Phanatick Lust,
 Where the noble *Staffords* blood
 Calls from Heaven Revenge aloud.
 In this place there lives a Maid,
 Bright as nature ever made.

Fair beyond dull Beauties name
 Can exprefs her lovely frame.
 In her charming Eyes reside
 Love, disdain, defire, and pride.
 Such, we know not which to call,
 But has the excellence of all.
 The first blushes of the Day
 Or the new-blown Rose in *May*,
 Or the Rich *Sidonian* dy
 Wrought for Eastern Majesty,
 Is not gayer than the Red,
 Nature on her cheeks has spread.
 Her soft Lips still feed new wishes
 Of a thousand fancy'd kisses.
 Gently swelling, plump and round,
 With young smiles and graces crown'd;
 Her round Breasts are whiter far
 Than the backs of Ermins are.
 Or the wanton Breast of *Jove*,
 When a Swan for *Leda's* Love:

Eyes that charm when e're they Dart,

And never miss the destin'd heart.

Woud'st thou have me tell thee more,

And describe her Beauties o're ;

I perhaps might make a Rape

On my *Ideas* naked shape,

Therefore fly, you'll quickly see

By this Picture which is Shee.

Tell her the loud winds are Dumb,

Winter's past and Spring is come,

The delightful Spring / that reigns

Sweets and plenty o're the Plains.

And with shady Garlands crown'd

All the Woods and Groves around.

If she see the wing'd Quire,

Chuse this season to retire

To the shelter of the Grove,

'Tis by Instinct (say) of Love,

If she see the Herds and Flocks
Wanton round the Meads and Rocks,
Thus their wishing Males to move,
'Tis the Instinct (say,) of Love.

If she see the Bull among
Crowds of Femals sleek and young,
Fight His Rival of the Drove,
'Tis by Instinct (say,) of Love.

If she see the blooming vines,
In their season, fold their twines
Round the Oake that neer her grows,
Say, 'tis nature mixt their boughs:
Then if Instinct these do move,
We by reason ought to Love.

Tell the fair one, every day,
Youth and Beauty steal away,
And within a little space
Will destroy her charming face,
Every grace and smile, that lyes
Languishing in Lips and Eyes,

First he'll make his prey, and then,
 Leave to Death, what do's remain.
 Who old Time do's only send
 To begin what he must end.
 If she ask, what hour and place,
 Where and when, Time wounds the face?
 Say, it is not in the Night,
 Nor when Day renews her light.
 In the Morning, or at noon
 Or at Evening when alone,
 Or when entertained at home,
 Or abroad this hour will come,
 But swift time is always by,
 First to perfect, then destroy.
 And in vain you seek a cure,
 Since his wounds are every hour.
 Bid her view *Aurelia's* brow,
 Naked of her Glories now,
 Yet she once cou'd charm the throng,
 Conquering with her Eyes and tongue.

Now,

Now, only's left this weak relief,
 (To support her years and grief,)
 When she cou'd she lov'd her prime
 And enjoy'd the fruits of time:
 And where ever she profess'd
 Love, or hate, she kill'd, or blest.
 While the neighbouring Plains were fill'd
 With their names she Lov'd and kill'd

Oh, when youth and Beautie's past,
 That poor pleasure that do's last
 Is to think they were admir'd,
 And by every youth desir'd,
 While the Dotage of each Swain
 She return'd with scorn again.

Oh then let my *Cloe* know,
 When her youth is faded so,
 And a race of Nymphs appears,
 Gay and sprightly in their years,
 Proud and wanton in their Loves,
 While the Shepherds of the Groves

Strive with Presents who shall share
 Most the favors of the fair;
 And herself she do's behold
 Like *Aurelia* now grown old,
 Sighing to herself she'l say
 I was once ador'd, as they !
 Yet with Pleasure think, that she
 Lov'd and was below'd by me.

Therefore bid her haste and prove,
 While she may, the joys of Love;
 I will lead her to a soyle
 Where perpetual Summers smile,
 Without *Autumn* which bereaves
 Fairest Cedars of their leaves;
 Where she shall behold the Meads
 Ever Green, the Groves with Shades:
 Lasting Flow'rs the banks shall wear,
 And Birds shall warble all the year,
 Where the rustick swain do's ow
 Nothing to the Spade and Plow.

For their Harvest, natures care
 Without toyle relieves 'em there,
 And no differing seasons bring
 Changes to the constant Spring.
 In the Morn she shall awake
 With the noyse the Shepherds make,
 Cheering, with the Ecchoing sounds
 Of their Horns, the eager Hounds,
 Nymphs, as well as Shepherds too
 In these Groves the chase persue.
 While at their backs their flowing hair
 Loosely wantons in the Air;
 Gilded Quivers on their thighs,
 With Darts less fatal than their Eyes.
 Each the others sloth do's blame,
 While they seek the Hart for game.
 Who, poor Fool, his Feet employs
 And throw Woods and dales he flies.
 Over plains and Rivers bounds,
 And out-flies the Winds and Hounds.

When perhaps some Nymph, whose Eyes
 Makes both men and Beast her Prize,
 Swifter than *Camilla's* pace
 Soon o'ertakes the winged race,
 And with one bright Glance she wounds,
 And his fancy'd hope confounds.
 Who, reflecting his faint Eyes
 On her Face, with pleasure dy's.

When the sports are done, they rest
 Underneath some shade, and feast
 On sweet Beds of Violets crown'd
 With sweet Roses on the ground.
 Where they Garlands weave and Poses
 Of Green Mirtle, Pinks and Roses:
 For which grace the ravish'd Swains
 Pay soft kisses for their Pains.
 Thus they Dally till the Light
 Falls behind the Scene of Night.

A PASTORAL

*On the Marriage of the right Honourable
the Earle of Ossery to the Lady Mary
Somerset.*

*In a Dialogue between Damon and Menal-
cas, written by Mr. Edmond Arwaker.*
M. A.

Damon.

WHat mighty Joy affects *Menalca's* breast,
Who's Extasie is in his face exprest?

Sure his *Laurinda* now to smile begins,
Or his full Ews increase his Flocks with twins.

Men.

Laurinda's frowns or smiles are now despis'd,
Far less her favors than this bliss are pris'd.
And all my Ews henceforth may barren be,
'Tis wealth enough this happy day to see.

Dam.

What has this day produc'd to make it blest?

Men.

Joy too transporting to be well exprest!

Joys which to *Damon* should not be unknown,

Since they concern the lovely *Celladon*.

Dam.

The lovely *Celladon*! ah courteous swain!

Repeat and blest me with that name again!

Say, what new Triumph, what deserv'd success,

Do the large volume of his fame encrease:

Has he at wrestling purchas't more Renown

Or won some other Race and wears the Crown!

Men.

He has, and justly, won a Nobler Prize,

The Dazling Joy of all beholders Eyes,

For what can Heav'n enlarge to him beside,

Now the admir'd *Clorinda* is his bride.

Dam.

Dam.

Clorinda, his? then for this happy day
 A sacrifice of six choyce Lambs I'll pay,
 That Ewe with twins shall recompence thy news,
 Or, cull my Flocks, and, what thou fancyest, chuse,
 I'm so o're-joy'd that should'st thou take'em all,
 I still shall think it a reward too small.

Men.

The Gods do merit sacrifice, 'tis true,
 But the bright pair deserve an offering too;
 To them we'll now an humble Tribute bring:
Clorinda you, I *Celladon* will sing.

Dam.

'Tis well propos'd, and now the Song begin.

Men.

Then rouse, my Muse, and let thy subject be
 Gay, soft, and fair, yet lofty too as he;
 To *Celladon* thy verse is justly due,
 Thou learn'd thy Art, whence his first Honours
 (grew.

Killkeny School.
From

From his great Ancestors magnificence,
 And ow'st thy growth to that blest influence:
 Then what that gave, thou must return again,
 And to his service consecrate thy pen.

Young *Celladon*, the glory of our Plains,
 Joy of the Nymphs and envy of the Swains;
 Whose charming voyce each melting passion moves
 As gentle *Zephyrs* bend the yeilding Groves.
 To him the Nymphs their easy hearts resign,
 For him despairing Shepherdesses pine.
 Serene his face, as a rejoycing sky,
 And Glorious, as a rising Sun, his Eye.

Dam.

Sweet, as a blooming Spring, *Clorinda's* face,
 More sooth and clear than her own chrystal Glas;
 For her with folded Armes and heads hung low
 The hopelesse Shepherds vent their restless woe;
 While o're the Plains their flocks neglected stray,
 As in loves maze themselves have lost the way.

But

But she do's all for *Celladon* despise,
 And at his heart alone, the noblest Prize,
 She darts the poynted Glories of her Eyes.

Men.

The God of Love had not another Dart,
 Able to peirce the wondrous Shepherd's heart.
 Had he alone attack't th' Heroick Swain
 The mighty Conqueror had been captive ta'ne,
 For *Celladon* inur'd to wars Alarms
 And, tho' all peaceful, takes delight in Arms,
 Best pleas'd when most expos'd, with noble heat
 He danger seeks and dares the hand of Fate.

Once he persu'd it to a foreign shore,
 Where his great Fathers name was fear'd before.

France.

But all the damage by that terror done
 Has ample reparation from the Son:
 The favor, they from his Access receiv'd,
 Aton'd for routed Troops and Towns receiv'd.

Monts.

Not

Not only glory did engage his Sword,
 Duty unsheath'd it too to serve his Lord.
 When bold Rebellion did the Throne invade
 With broken faith, and fortune for 'its aid.

The Western War.

With early zeal the Shepherd did appear;
 His valor now had found 'its proper spear:
 Call'd to the Battle by these loud Alarms.
 He broke away even from *Clorinda's* Armes.
 Death, in the Royal cause had more, than Beauty
 (charms

Dam.

He left *Clorinda's* Armes but not her heart,
 There he was still, nor thence cou'd ever part:
 That, to the bloody field marcht bravely out,
 And there with pious prayers and wishes fought,
 While she at home was never free from fear,
 For the rich venture she had trusted there;
 Yet hop't him safe in her great Fathers care,

Nor

Nor could she justly any danger dread
For him who fought along with *Diomed*:

Duke of Beaufort

Eternal Laurels Crown that happy name,
The dear, the sweet, the noble theme of fame;
To all his proofes of Loyalty before
The glorious Hero still is adding more:
Firme to his Prince and faithful to his trust
And daring to be hazardously just:
Profuse of Life in his great Masters cause,
And better pleas'd with service than applause.
Some happy Muse, worthy a Theme so great,
In lofty strains thy fame shall celebrate.
Whose noble blood, which no corruption stains,
Gives the rich Tincture to *Clorinda's* veins.

Men.

While *Diomide* with Armes protects the Throne,
Nestor with Councel do's support the Crown;

Duke of Ormond.

Nestor

Nestor, no less courageous still than wise,
And able once to act as to advise.

Nestor, the partner of his Master's fate,
Did all his injuries participate,
When usurpation banisht him the Throne,
Nestor indur'd not he shou'd go alone,
His Kingdom lost, and loyal subjects few,
Himself a King in *Nestor's* heart he knew;
The Monarchy for which he was design'd
Was there preserv'd as thither 'twas confin'd.
Nor were his limits scant, for his large soul
Has 'its unbounded spear above the pole.
One subject of such vast Magnificence
Might make at any time a Glorious Prince,
But time sits heavy on his shoulders now,
And his declining head begins to bow ;
Yet still so gracefully he treads the stage,
He makes th' admiring World in love with age,
Long may he cause their wonder and delight,
Long be his day and far remote his night,

The

The night, when he to us shall disappear,
 Call'd hence to gild some other Hemispher.

Excellent Prince! in whom the World do's see
 A Species of untainted Loyalty.

May Heav'n indulge our wishes long in thee,
 But if the fates deny this bliss to give,

The Phœnix will in *Celladon* revive :

To him our Homage we must then transfer,

As much thy virtues, as thy fortunes, Heir,

Dam.

See, Swain, the Sun exalts his shining head,

Brisk as a Bridegroom from *Aurora's* Bed,

While, like a blushing Bride, the dawning morn

Do's in her Gay attire herself adorn.

'Tis time the lovely pair, like them, thou'd rise,

And we their presence want to bless our Eyes;

The expecting World 'its patience has outstay'd,

Lets hast and wake 'em with a serenade.

A Song by Robert Wolseley Esq;

A ! Blame me not, if no despair,
 A passion you inspire, can end.
 Nor think it strange, too charming fair,
 If Love, like other flames, ascend.
 If to approach a Saint with Prayer
 Unworthy votarys pretend,
 Above all merit Heaven and you
 To the Sincere are only due.
 Long did respect awe my proud aim
 And fear t' offend my madness cover,
 Like you it still reprov'd my flame
 And in the friend won'd hide the Lover.
 But by things that want a name
 I the too bold truth discover.
 My words in vain are in my power
 My looks betray me every hour.

A PASTORAL

*On the Death of His late Majesty written by
Mr. Otway.*

What horrors this that dwells upon the
(Plain;
And thus disturbs the Shepherds peaceful Reign?
A dismal sound breaks thro' the yeilding air
Forewarning us some dreadful storm is neer,
The bleating flocks in wild confusion stray
The early Larks forsake their wandring way
And cease to welcome in the new-born day.
Each Nymph possest with a distracted fear
Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevell'd hair,
Diseases with her strong convulsions reign,
And deities not known before to pain
Are now with Apoplectick seizures slain:
Hence flow our sorrows, hence increase our fears
Each humble plant do's drop her silver tears,

Ye tender Lambs stray not so fast away,
 To weep and mourn let us together stay,
 O're all the universe let it be spread
 That now the Shepherd of the flock is dead.
 The Royal Pan, that shepherd of the sheep,
 He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
 Is gone, ah gone, ne're to return from death's Eter-
 (nal sleep.
 Begin, *Daniela*, let thy numbers fly
 Aloft, where the life milkey way does ly,
Mop'sus who *Daphnis* to the Stars did fling
 Shall joyn with you and hither waft our King.
 Play gently on your Reeds a mournful strain
 And tell in notes thro' all th' Arcadian Plain
 The Royal Pan, the Shepherd of the sheep
 He who to leave his Flock did dying weep
 Is gone! is gone, ne're to return from death's eter-
 (nal sleep.

SONG.

SONG.

NO more will I my Passion bide
 Tho' too presuming it appear,

When long despair a heart has try'd

What other torment can it fear?

Unlov'd of her I would not live

Nor dy till she the sentence give.

Why should the fair offended be

If virtue charm in Beauty's dress

If where so much divint I see

My open wound the Saint confess

Awak'd by wonders in her Eyes

My former Idols I despise,

Strephons *complaint banisht from Sacarifa.*

HO W long shall I thus live condemn'd to
 (mourn
 In vain my *Sacarifa's* cruel scorn?
 For ever let these Eyes be shut to light,
 Since the bright Nymph has robb'd me of her light
 All other objects dull and useles grow
 No more their wonted form of colour shew.
 In glooming shades may I for ever live
 Sad as my sorrows, silent as my grave.
 Since *Sacarifa's* Eyes withdraw their light
 Darknes to me is Day, the Morning Night.
 No more the Sun, the Worlds majestick Eye,
 Shall dart his golden Beams thro' th' Azure Sky:
 Let sullen darknes on the Earth display
 His sable wings t' eclips the hated day
 As when in *Chaos*, uncreated night
 Sat Brooding on the seeds of Infant-light,

And

And no kind Beams did on the surface play
 Till the Sun rose and made a perfect day,
 So till my Nymph brings back her sparkling light
 Darkness to me is Day, the Morning Night I

An Elegie written by Mr. W. O. 18th

Damon, and Thirs.

Dam.

Welcome, dear *Thirs* far above,
 The sweetest Emphasis of Love.

More welcome than the fairest Dame
 That ever crost this awful Plain,
 With all her tender Virgin Train,

Thirs.

I thank thee, Shepherd, for thy Love,
 But how canst thou so soon remove
 The Passion which enraged thy breast,
 And kept thy better part from rest?

And no mind bearing did on the future play
Dam.

Believe me, *Thirs.* fortunate
 They that Love long are very few,
 I pip'd, I sang, I liv'd in pain,
 In hope the Shepherds to gain;
 Now vain my fate, in vain I cry,
 I sigh in vain, unhappy me,
 Condemn'd to such a Destinie
 Only to see the once lov'd Deitie.

Thirs.
 Tell me, *Damon*, prithee do,
 Who's this Nymph that grieves thee so,
 By great Pan's all sacred name
 The wildest heart for thee i'll tame:

Dam.
 Oh my friend I she's gone too far,
 Thou canst not reach the charming fair;
 She's fled into the wilder place,
 Where Love is acted o're in every grace.

Thirs.

Thirs.

Whats her name? I can't contain,
 My blood runs swift in every veine.
 I'll ravage all the Woods and Groves,
 Th' intreguing Court for billing Lov's:
 No pains nor toyle for thee I'll spare,
 Come-- let me know the cruel fair.

Dam.

Phillis, the Glory of our Isle,
 Who charm'd my Soul with every smile,
 Ah shee! the lovely torturing maid
 H'as now my heart, my all, betray'd;
 And my adoring Love with scorn repaid,
 Unhappy swain! dejected and forlorn,
 Ah me! how sadly am I left alone,
 To envy those Transporting charms
 She yeilds up to my happy Rivals Armes.

Thirs.

Ile go—

Dam.

Stay, Shepherd, tis in vain to try
 To disappoint the Nuptial eye.
 No, no, shes gone to make my Rival blest,
 And left her Image only in my brest.
 Hence forth in Lovers tales let it be said,
 That thy poor friend, thy *Damon*, dy'd a maid.
 While no one part of me remains with her,
 But constant wishes and this humble Pray'r,
 Fairest of Nymphs —
 May all your Glories, like the youthful Sun,
 Beame forth and in their purest lustre Burn;
 May all your days be as a day of blis,
 And all your sorrows close still with a kiss;
 Happy the God, that succor'd your desire,
 And set the Hymenean Lamp on fire:
 May he, in whole blest Armes you slumbring ly,
 Be sensible of the vast envyed joy,
 While I who lost you lay me down and dy.

A PINDARICK

*To Mrs. Behn on her Poem on the Coronation.**Written by a Lady.*

HAil, thou sole Empress of the Land of
 (wit,
 To whom all conquer'd Authors must submit,
 And at thy feet their fading Laurels lay,
 The utmost tribute that a Muse can pay,
 To thy unlabour'd Song o'th' Coronation day.
 The subject was Divine we all confess,
 Nor was that flame, thy mighty fancy, less.
 That cloth'd thy thought in such a pleasing
 (dress,
 As did at once a Masculine wit express,
 And all the softness of a Femal tenderness,

No more shall men their fancy'd Empire hold,
 Since thou *Astrea* form'd of finer mould,
 By nature temper'd more with humid cold,
 Doth man excel ———
 Not in soft strokes alone, but even in the bold,
 And as thy purer Blood,
 Thro' more transparent vessels is convey'd
 Thy spirits more fine and subtil do thy brain invade.
 And nimbler come uncall'd unto thy aide;
 So the gay thought ———
 Which thy still flowing fancy does inspire
 New, uncontroul'd, and warm, as young desire,
 Have more of kindling heat and fiercer fire;
 Not to be reach't, or pray'd, unless by such
 As the same happy temperament possess;
 Since none with equal numbers can reward thy
 (Lays,
 May the just Monarch, which you praise,
 Daine to acknowledg this,

Not with a short applause of crackling Bays
 But a return that may revive thy days;
 And thy well-meaning grateful loyal Muse
 Cherisht by that blest theam its zeale did chuse.
 Maist thou be blest with such a sweet retreat,
 That with contempt thou maist behold the great,
 Such as the mighty *Cowlys* well-known seat.
 Whose lofty Elms I wou'd have all thy own,
 And in the mid'st a spacious shady Throne,
 Rais'd on a Mount that shou'd Parnassus be,
 And every Muse included all in thee.
 On whose coole top alone thou shoud'st dispense
 The Laws of Wit, Love, Loyalty and Sense:
 The new *Arcadia* shou'd the Grove be nam'd
 And for the guift our grateful Monarch fam'd.
 Amidst the shade, I'd wish a well built House,
 Like *Sidneys* Noble Kalendar shou'd stand,
 Raifing its head and all the rest command.
 Its out-side gay, its inside clean and neat
 With all of lifes conveniencies replete,

Where

Where all the Elements at once conspire
 To give what mans necessities require,
 Rich soyle, pure Aire, streams coole, and useful
 (fire.
 The fertil spot with pleasure shou'd abound
 And with *Elizium*-Spring be ever crown'd.

When thou thy mind unbend'st from thoughtful
 (hours,

Then shou'dst thou be refresh't with Fruits and
 (Flowrs,

The Gods and Nymphs of Woods and Springs
 Shall Dance in Antique Rural Rings :

While scaly Trytons and grim Satyrs play

Such Tunes, as Birds compose, to welcome day.

Till the glad noyse to distant shores resound,)

And flying Birds joyn in th' Harmonious sound.)

Which listning Echo's catch at the rebound.)

Here without toyle, or pining want perplex

Thy Body easy and thy mind at rest,

With all Lives valu'd pleasures blest,

Thy

Thy largest wishes still thou shoud'st enjoy
 Environ'd with delights that ne're can cloy.

Accept, thou much lov'd *Sappho* of our Isle,
 This hearty wish, and grace it with a smile,
 When thou shalt know that thy Harmonious Lirè
 Did me, the meanest of thy sex, inspire.

And that thy own unimitable lays
 Are cause alone that I attempt thy praise.

Which in unequal measure I rehearse

Because unskill'd in numbers Grace, or Verse;

Great Pindars flights are fit alone for thee,

The witty *Horace's* Iambicks be

Like *Virgil's* lofty strains, alas too hard for me.

And if enough this do not plead excuse,

Pity the failings of a Virgin Muse.

That never in this kind before essay'd,

Her Muse till now was, like her self,—a Maid.

Whose Blooming labours thus she dedicates to you,

A Tribute justly to your merits due;

At

At least her part of gratitude to pay
 For that best Song o' th' Coronation day.
 How bad wou'd the Ill-natur'd World requite
 Thy noble labours if they do not write,
 Who have, perhaps, been happy in this kind
 To own thou'st now out-done all that they e're
 (delign'd.

Sure none with malice e're was so accurst,
 This to deny but will with envy burst,
 Since even thy own more envious sex agree
 The glorious theme had right alone from thee;
 The femal Writers thou hast all excell'd,
 Since the first mother of mankind rebell'd.

To Mr. Wolfeley on his Preface to Valentinian.

By a Lady of Quality.

TO you, the generous task belongs alone
 To clear the injur'd and instruct the
 (Town:
 Where, but in you is found a mind so brave
 To stretch the bounds of Love beyond the grave?
 Anger may last, but friendships quickly dy,
 For anxious thoughts are longer-liv'd than joy.
 Yet those, whom active fancies have misled
 So far as to assault the mighty dead;
 Now, taught by your reproofes a noble shame,
 Will strive by surer ways to raise their fame.

But from our sex what praise do you deserve?
 We by your help may all our rights preserve,
 While others rob the Deities they serve,

For

For never sacrilege cou'd greater be
 Than to steal Honour from a Deitie.
 Such are the paths to fame, in which you tread,
 You baffle envy, while you nobly aide
 The helpless living and more helpless dead.

Mr. Wolsely's Answer to the forgoing Copy.

WHile soaring high above *Orinda's* flights,
 Equal to *Sappho* fam'd *Urania* writes;
 And seareless of an Host of byast men
 In my defence draws her all-conquering pen.
 While forcing every caviller to submit,
 Her approbation stamps my question'd wit.
 And a new way, by all the Nine inspir'd,
 Commending mine she makes her own admir'd.
 While that kind Balme's restoring virtue cures
 The Criticks bite and lasting life assures.

Delight

Delight extreme rewarding all my pain,
 Spirits my genius, and improves my vein.
 A useful pride the unbop'd Honour brings,
 Like that which from a fount of virtue springs.
 While thro' her Sexes finer mould she pours
 Thoughts of the substance and the strength of ours.
 And in her thoughts, grac'd with a sweeter Air,
 The Poet borrows softness from the fair.
 While with a wit that dots the Age surprise,
 Just as her heart and powerful as her Eyes,
 My Panegyrick's same she do's intend,
 Her easy ear instructs me how to mend.
 Her full-frost-fights enriching every Theme
 Flow equal, like a smooth unturb'd stream,
 Whose cheerful current, without ride is strong,
 And thro' green Meadows purling glide along.
 How rare is praise in fitting words express'd
 With judgment heighten'd and with skill address'd
 Those who deserve it most can give it best.

How flat and tasteless is a fool's applause,
 Whose want of knowledge do's his wonder cause?
 More fulsome is the fawning of a knave
 Whose narrow mind his little ends enslave:
 Whose Pen for ever fear and int'rest guide
 Whom each his stage which like contemning
 All wealthy fops and prosperous villains ride;
 Who can to none but fortune faithful be,
 False, to desert, and Prostitute as she;
 But just *Urania*, truth and virtues friend,
 Quick to discern; and sparing to commend,
 Whom in-born worth above mean aims does raise
 Can no more give than need such hackney Bays.
 Her mind to Earth; wits rightful Sovereign came,
 By Heaven instructed to distribute Fame;
 What Stoick soul has temper to refuse
 Th' uncommon favors of so chaste a Muse?
 While her soft strain, in which no toyl appears,
 With divine Musick bribes our ravisht eares.

And

And her wit varying a thousand ways
 With that strong Philtre baits her powerful praise,
 Her flowing lines such skilful measures bound,
 The sense is not more charming than the sound,
 So does her verse in words well-plac'd and chose
 Her rich Invention's beauteous store disclose.
 As calm *Favonius* with his gentle wing
 Opens the Flowers and spreads the sweets of spring.
 When stop't by Trees, chance into arbour weaves
 His murmuring voyce, some Lovers care
 And breathing Roses whistles thro' the leaves
 When thus like Her's which no rich Rogue can
 Praise comes both from the knowing and sincere,
 Just is the pride, as the delight is rare.
 Like Hope, it flatters; like Ambition, warms;
 And like a Lovers happy moment, charms.
 When first to ease the long unpitied swain
 His cruel fair confesses equal pain,

When first he sees within her kindling Eyes
 A guilty care and Bashful sweetness rise.
 Oft when perplexed with timorous doubts unrest,
 I read her praise in which my Muse is drest
 With all the grace and all the power of Poetry
 (express.
 Raptures so strong my happier thoughts employ,
 As pain perception, and oppress with Joy.
 The rich Ragout, wit's too profuse expence,
 A flavor gives that conquers human sense;
 A task too high for weak man to digest,
 Ambrosia is, on which Immortals feast,
 The Fruit of life's fair Tree to Martyrs given
 When freed from flesh and purg'd of Earths dull
 (Leaven
 Their frames can bear the Luxury of Heaven.
 Cease *England*, thy late loss so high to rate,
 Here learn thy mighty sorrow to abate,
 [fate
 By her instructive gentle song half reconcil'd to

Your

Your tender moan, you tuneful *Nine* give o're,
Lament your darling *Bion's* death no more. L-2

In her lov'd Lays his better part survives,
He dyes not all, while soft *Urania* lives.

Her Heaven has warm'd, with the same pleasing fires
In her like noble blood, like noble thoughts inspires.

*The Earl
of Roche-
ster, her
Uncle,*

His perishing goods to others let him leave,

To Her his deathless Pen he did bequeave;

And if my humble Muse, whose luckless strain

Was us'd alone of Beauty to complain

And sing in melancholy notes love's unregarded
(pain,

Rais'd by that theme, above her usual height

Con'd clear his fame, or do his virtue right,

How well do's she the trifling debt acquit,

She whose resembling Genius shews her fit

To be his sole Executrix in wit.



*On the Honourable Sir Francis Fane, on his
Play call'd the Sacrifice. by Mrs. A. B.*

Long have our Priests condemn'd a wicked
(Age,
And every little criticks senseless rage
Damn'd a forsaken self-declining stage:
Great 'tis confess and many are our crimes,
And no less profligate the vicious times,
But, yet no wonder both prevail so ill,
The Poets fury and the Preachers skill;
While, to the World it is so plainly known
They blame our faults, with greater ones of their own,
Let their dull Pens flow with unlearned spight
And weakly censure what the skillful write;
You, learned Sir, a nobler passion drew,
Our best of rules and best example too.
Precepts and grave instructions dully move,
The brave Performer better do's improve,

Verst

Ver't in the trueſt Satyr you excel
 And ſhew how ill we write by writing well.
 This noble Piece which well deſerves your name
 I read with pleaſure tho' I read with ſhame,
 The tender Laurels which my brows had dreſt
 Flag, like young Flowers, with too much heat
 (oppreſt.

The generous fire I felt in every line
 Shew'd me the cold, the feeble, force of mine.
 Henceforth I'll you for imitation chuſe
 Your nobler flights will wing my Callow Muſe;
 So the young Eagle is inform'd to fly
 By ſeeing the Monarch Bird aſcend the ſky.
 And tho' with leſs ſucceſs her ſtrength ſhe'll try,
 Spreads her ſoft plumes and his vaſt tracks purſues
 Tho' far above the towring Prince ſhe views:
 High as ſhe can ſhe'll bear your deathleſs fame,
 And make my ſong Immortal by your name.
 But where the work is ſo Divinely wrought,
 The rules ſo juſt and ſo ſublime each thought,

When with so strict an Art your scenes are plac'd
 With wit so new, and so uncommon, grac'd,
 In vain, alas ! I shou'd attempt to tell
 Where, or in what, your Muse do's most excel.
 Each character performs its noble part,
 And stamps its Image on the Readers heart.

In *Tamerlan* you a true Hero dress,
 A generous conflict wars within his breast,
 This there the mightiest passions you have shew'd
 By turns contest the Mortal and the God.
 When e're his steps approach the haughty fair
 He bows indeed but like a Conqueror,
 Compell'd to Love yet scorns his servial chain,
 In spite of all you make the Monarch reign.
 But who without resistless tears can see
 The bright, the innocent, *Irene* die:
Axalla's life a noble ransom paid,
 In vain to save the much-lov'd charming maid,
 Nought surely cou'd but your own flame inspire
 Your happy Muse to reach so soft a fire.

Yet with what Art you turn the pow'ful stream
 When trecherous *Reganax* is the theme:
 You mix our different passions with such skill,
 We feel 'em all and all with pleasure feel.
 We love the mischief, tho' the harms we grieve,
 And for his wit the villain we forgive.

In your *Despina* all those passions meet,
 Which womans frailties perfectly compleat.
 Pride and Revenge, Ambition, Love and Rage,
 At once her wilful haughty Soul engage;
 And while her rigid Honour we esteem,
 The dire effects as justly must condemn.
 She shews a virtue so severely nice
 As has betray'd it to a pitch of vice.
 All which confess a God-like pow'r in you
 Who cou'd form woman to herself so true,
 Live, mighty Sir, to reconcile the Age
 To the first glories of the useful Stage.

'Tis

'Tis you her rifl'd Empire may restore
And give her power she ne're could boast before.

*Cato's Answer to Labienus, when he ad-
vis'd him to consult the Oracle of Jupiter
Ammon.*

*Being a Paraphrastical Translation of part of
the 9th Book of Lucan, beginning at*

— Quid queri, Labiene, Jubes, &c.

WHat shou'd I ask my friend, which best
(wou'd be
To live enslav'd, or thus in Arms die free?
If any force can Honour's price abate?
Or virtue bow beneath the blows of fate?
If fortunes threats a steady Soul disdains,
Or if the Joys of Life be worth the pains?
If it our happiness at all import,
Whether the foolish scene be long, or short,

If when we do but aim at noble ends
 The attempt alone Immortal fame attends;
 If for bad accidents, which thickest press
 On merit, we shou'd like a good cause less?
 Or be the fonder of it for success?
 All this is clear, wove in our minds it sticks,
 Nor *Ammon*, nor his Priest's can deeper fix;
 Without the Clergy's venal cant and pains
 Gods never frustrate Will holds ours in chains,
 Nor can we Act but what th' All-wise ordains!
 Who needs no voyce, nor perishing words to awe
 Our wild desires, and give his creatures Law:
 What e're to know, or needful was or fit.
 In the wise frame of human souls 'tis writ,
 Both what we ought to do, and what forbear,
 He once for all, did at our births declare.
 But never did he seek out Desert Lands
 To bury truth in unfrequented Sands;
 Or to a corner of the World withdrew,
 Head of a sect and partial to a few.

Natures

Nature's vast fabrick is his house alone,
 This Globe his foot-stool, and high Heav'n his
 (throne.
 In Earth, Air, Sea, and in who e're excels
 In knowing heads and honest hearts he dwells;
 Why seek we then among these barren sands,
 In narrow shrines and temples built with hands,
 Him whose dread presence does all places fill?
 Or look but in our reason for his will?
 All we e're saw is God! in all we find
 Apparent Prints of the eternal mind;
 Let floating fools their course by Prophets steer
 And always of the future live in fear;
 No Oracle, or Dream the crowd is told
 Can make me more or less resolv'd and bold.
 But surer death, which equally on all
 Both on the coward and the brave must fall.
 This said, and turning with disdain about,
 He left scorn'd *Ammon* to the vulgar Rout,

*To his Grace the Duke of Ormond, upon
his leaving the Government of Ireland.*

HAVE we a farther trouble yet in store,
And can our destiny afflict us more?
To lose our Prince we thought too great a blow,
And must we lose his glorious Image too?
Ireland for more than twice seven years has bin
Envy'd without, for being so blest within;
While Plague, Fire, Famine, War abroad has
(Reign'd,
This only was the safe and happy Land,
Which happiness, great Sir, to you we owe
Next to the God above and God below.

The Irish Harp, which long abus'd had lain,
Your skilful hand first brought in tune again.
And when some others by our King were sent
To play upon the noble Instrument,

Such

Such was their Ignorance, or their Error such
 They prov'd but foyles to your Melodious touch.
 Into your hands then, which before it grac'd,
 The noble Instrument again was plac'd.
 On which a long, soft tune again you play'd,
 When Jarring discord did all else invade,
 And we rejoyc'd to think you wou'd play on:
 But Heavens and the Kings will must still be done,
 While we submit as humbly to that power
 Which can the blis, it takes away, restore,
 More we can't have, nor do we wish for more.
 Adieu then, much lov'd Prince,
 With mournful hearts we make this Prayer for you,
 Greatest and best of uncrown'd Heads adieu,
 And since you must goe hence—
 We'll waft you o're with steady Gales of Prayers,
 And bear you on a Sea of humble tears,
 All the Amends which for your mighty toyle,
 Can be return'd by a poor widow'd Ile.

(III)

Such now alas, She is, and ne're till now
That *Ormonds* noble house did wholly from her go,
Not leaving to support her mighty Mind,
An *Arran*, or an *Ossory* behind.

May Heavens choice blessings on 'em all attend,
And bring'em to a calm and glorious end:
Glorious and calm may all their passage be
As was the hour in which they put to Sea.
And landed, wherefore her *Ormond* goes,
May *England* doat on him as *Ireland* do's.

S O N G.

Break, Break, sad heart, unload thy grief,
Give, give, thy sorrows way,
Seek out thy only last relief,
And thy hard Stars obey:

Those Stars that doom thee to reverse

What do's themselves outshine.

And plac'd her too in such a Sphær

This for ever will be mine

Because Endymion once did move

Night, Goddess, to come down,

And listen to his tale of Love,

Alas, got thou idly at the Moon,

Be it thy pleasure and thy Pride

That wrecks on stretch'd desire,

Thou canst thy fiercest torments bide,

And silently expire.

To Damon.

*To inquire of him if he can'd sell me by the
Styl, who writ me a Copy of Verses that
came to me in an unknown Hand, by Mrs.
A. B.*

O H, *Damon*, if thou ever wast
That certain friend thou hast profess'd,

Relieve

Relieve the Pantings of my heart,
Restore me to my wonted rest.

Ere in the *Silvian* Grove I sat,
Free as the Air, and calm as that;
For as no winds the boughs oppress,
No storms of Love were in my breast.
A long Adieu I'd bid to that
Ere since *Amintas* prov'd ingrate.
And with indifference, or disdain,
I lookt around upon the Plain.

and worth my favor found no fighting Swain?
But oh, my *Damon*, all in vain

I triumph'd in security,
In vain absented from the Plain.

The wanton God his Power to try
In lone recesses makes us yeild,
As well as in the open field;
For where no human thing was found
My heedless heart receiv'd a wound.

Assist me, Shepherd, or I dye,
Help to unfold this Mystery.

No Swain was by, no flattering Nymph was near,
Soft tales of Love to whisper to my Ear.

In sleep, no Dream my fancy fir'd
With Images, my waking wish'd.

No fond Idea fill'd my mind;
Nor to the faithless sex one thought inclin'd;

I sigh'd for no deceiving youth,
Who forfeited his vows and truth;

I waited no Assigning Swain
Whose disappointment gave me pain:

My fancy did no prospect take
Of Conquest's I design'd to make;

No snares for Lovers I had laid,
Nor was of any snare afraid.

But calm and innocent I fate,
Content with my indifferent fate,

(A Medium, I confess, I hate.)

For

For when the mind so fool is grown,
 As neither Love nor Hate to own,
 The Life but dully lingers on.
 Thus in the mid'st of careless thought,
 A paper to my hand was brought.
 What hidden charms were lodg'd within,
 To my unwary Eyes unseen,
 Alas! no Philtre thought I gave,
 But ho! it robb'd me of my peace.
 A Philter was, that darted pain
 Thro' every pleasd and trembling vein.
 A stratagem, to send a Dart
 By a new way into the heart,
 Th' Ignoble Politic of Love
 By a clandestine means to move,
 Which possibly the Instrument
 Did ne're design to that intent,
 But only form, and complement.
 While Love did the occasion take
 And hid beneath his flowrets a snake

O're every line did Poyson fling
 In every word he lurk't a sting.
 So Matrons are, by *Demon* charms;
 Tho harmless, capable of harms.
 The verse was smooth, the thought was fine,
 The fancy new, the wit divine.
 But fill'd with praises of my face and Eyes,
 My verse, and all these usual flatteries
 To me as common as the Air;
 Nor cou'd my vanity procure my care.
 All which as things of course are writ
 And less to shew esteem than wit.
 But here was some strange something more
 Than ever flatter'd me before;
 My heart was by my Eyes misled:
 I blusht and trembl'd as I read.
 And every guilty look confess
 I was with new surprise oppress.
 From every view I felt a pain
 And by the Soul, I drew the Swain.
 Charm-

Charming as fancy cou'd create
 Fine as his Poem, and as soft as that.

I drew him all the heart cou'd move
 I drew him all that women Love.
 And such a dear Idea made
 As has my whole repose betray'd.
Pigmalion thus his Image form'd,
 And for the charms he made, he sigh'd and burn'd.

Oh thou that know'st each Shepherds Strains,
 That Pipes and Sings upon the Plains;
 Inform me where the youth remains.
 The spiteful Paper bare no name,
 Nor can I guess from whom it came,
 Or if at least a guess I found,
 'Twas not t' instruct but to confound.

SONG of Basset, by Sir George Ethrege.

L Et Equipage and Dress despair,
 Since Basset is come in,

For nothing can oblige the fair

Like Money and Morine.

Is any Countess in distress

She flies not to the Beau,

'Tis only Cony can redress

Her grief with a Rouleau.

By this bewitching Game betray'd

Poor Love is bought and sold.

And that which shou'd be a free Trade,

Is now ingross'd by Gold.

For Love is brought into disgrace,

Where company is met

Or silent stands, or leaves the Place,

While all the talk's Basset.

Why, Ladys, will you stake your hearts,

Where a Plain cheat is found,

You first are rookt out of those Darts,

That gave your selves the wound.

The time, which shou'd be kindly lent

To plays and witty men,

In waiting for a knave is spent

Or wishing for a ten.

Stand in defence of your own charms,

Throw down this Favorite,

That threatens with his dazzling Arms

Your Beauty and your Wit.

What pity is, those conquering Eyes,

Which all the World subdue,

Shou'd while the Lover gazes dyes

Be only on Alphe.

*To the Lord Bishop of Rochester, on His
History of the Plot written by His late
Majesties command. And an Apologie for
these Verses call'd the Advice to a Pain-
ter, by the same Author.*

My Lord,

With humble hope your goodness will ex-
cuse
The hasty zeal of an aspiring Muse;
I with unequal pace your steps pursue,
And thought I trod securely following you,
Repenting now, like Phaeton, too late
I feebly sink beneath the Glorious weight.
And own the work for all but you too great:
The hand that rivall'd Heaven took thence its fire
Ere he the senseless Machin could inspire;
And the rash Author wou'd attempt in vain,
Unless he borrow'd your diviner Pen;

To

To imitate or praise with equal flight

What only *Charles* cou'd Dictate, only you cou'd
(Write.

If trouble past by repetition please,

Tho' meaner tongues the grateful tale rehearse,

What mighty Raptures must these Ills create,

Which bravely, as he conquer'd, you relate ;

Our joys without our sufferings had been less,

And for the remedy, the wound we bless,

So did not *Catiline's* defeated rage

Your much-lov'd *Tullies* daring Pen engage,

His Rome wou'd want one Glory of his tongue,

The World a Master-peece, and Fame a Song.

Upon
A thousand times towards the East were sent
Expecting still the same bright Sun would rise
And bring us back the joys that with him went
Like Northern Mariners our longing Eyes
And lay the burden of his Empire down
With the Day's rule in the Ocean set

Upon the Arrival of his Excellency Henry
Earle of Clarendon, And his entring up-
on the Government of Ireland, Jan: 1685.
by a M. of A.

Mart: Ep:

Phosphore, redde diem, quid Gaudia no-
ster moraris, Cæsare venturo, Phosphore,
redde Diem.

When Glorious Ormond, as belov'd as
(Great,
His gentle course of Government being run,
With the Day's ruler in the Ocean set
And layd the burden of his Empire down.

Like Northern Mariners, our longing Eyes
A thousand times towards the East were sent,
Expecting still the same bright Sun wou'd rise,
And bring us back the joys that with him went.

Meane

Meane while, the wish, for blessing to endure,
 Our earthly God design'd for us below,
 His absence that we better might endure,
 Two shining Planets did on us bestow.

Stars to benighted Travellers still dear,
 Benign and Joyful, as the God of Light,
 Who whensoever together they appear,
 Quickly remove all terrors of the Night.

Ever Immortal *Castor* first did shine,
 The Churches Angel and the Kingdoms Eye,
 With whom our Jove did noble *Pollux* joyn,
 To share in *Castor's* Immortality.

The Radiant pair both now and heretofore
 Have made us safe with their united Beam,
 We fear'd no Rocks, nor heard we Tempests roar,
 Enlighten'd ones and influenc'd by them.

Perhaps

Perhaps some noisy bug-bears of the Night
 Or stalking shade, which dares not see the Day
 May howl and menace and the feeble fright
 And huff the timorous -- because they may.

Such empty *Marmos*'s possibly might scare
 The unexperienc'd Mariners awhile,
 But these bright Stars such happy omens are,
 As make the knowing at their threatnings smile.

For now the shining Twins about to set
 Point out to us another rising Sun,
 Which will the fantoms of the Night defeat
 And make grim Specters from his presence run.

Not the Illustrious *Ormond*, whose bright ray
 So long had cheer'd us, we desir'd it still,
 But a new Sun will walk in *Ormond's* way
 And all that Princes brave desire fulfil.

Sprung from a Loyal Sire ! Renoun'd, and wise

Akin to Princes and to Crowne allied :

Whom Great men Honor and whom Good men

(prize.

How happy are we in so blest a guide !

Hail, Glorious light ! long look for Sun, all Hail,

Welcome as Day to Winter Passengers,

Whose warm and powerful influence will not fail

To raise our Spirits and repress our fears.

He with wise conduct and resistless Art

Will charm our foes and all our doubts will clear,

Fresh vigor and new courage will impart,

A frightened Church and fainting Kingdom cheer.

Then, *Ireland*, once more lift thy drooping head,

And read thy safety in thy Rulers face ;

His Power which cou'd ev'n raise thee from the

(Dead

Will soon restore thee to thy former grace.

From

From forth an Other of able Statesmen chose

By our discerning Monarch, wise, and just

He's judg'd most fit the troubles to compose,

And to make good thy Princes mighty trust.

Our Churches firm support, and friend he'l prove,

The Laws Instructor, Learnings Patron too,

The good will cherish, and the Loyal love,

All this, and more than this he'l be, and do.

Arise then, Gracious *Clarendon*, and sway

That People who have long'd for your Arrive

Who love your Person, and with joy obey

Even while the God-like *Ormond* is alive.

The Sun and you do now together get,

And give new life, new influence to men,

May you, (unlike to him,) or never set,

Or like him ever rise to us again.

From

*A Poem against fruition written on the vantage
ing in Mountains Essay: By Alexis.*

AH wretched Man! whom neither fate can
Nor Heavens indulgent to his wish can bless;
Desire torments him, or fruition cloy,
Fruition which shou'd make his bliss destroys;
Far from our Eyes th' enchanting objects see
Advantage by the friendly distance get,
Fruition shews the cheat, and views 'em near,
Then all their borrow'd splendours plain appear,
And we what wish much care we gain and skill
An empty nothing find, or real ill.
Thus disappointed, our mistaken thought,
Not finding satisfaction which it sought,
Renews its search, and with much toyl and pain
Most wisely strives to be deceiv'd again.

Hurried

Hurried by our fantastick wild desire
 We loath the present, absent things admire,
 Those we adore, and fair Ideas frame,
 And those enjoy'd we think wou'd quench the
 flame
 In vain, the Ambitious seaver still returns
 And with redoubled fire more fiercely burns.
 Our boundless vast desires can know no rest,
 But travel forward still and labour to be blest.
 Philosophers and Poets strove in vain
 The restless anxious Progress to restrain,
 And to their loss soon found their Good suprem
 An Airy notion and a pleasing Dream.
 For happiness is no where to be found,
 But flies the searcher, like enchanted ground.
 Are we then masters or the slaves of things?
 Poor wretched vassalls, or terrestrial Kings?
 Left to our reason, and by that betray'd,
 We lose a present bliss to catch a shade.

Unsatisfy'd with Beauteous natures store
The universal Monarch Man is only poor.

*To Alexis in Answer to his Poem against
Fruition.*

O D E. by Mrs. B.

A H hapless sex! who bear no charms,
But what like lightning flash and are no
(more,

False fires sent down for baneful harms,
Fires which the fleeting Lover feebly warms
And given like past Bröches o're,
Like Songs that please, (tho' bad,) when new,
But learn'd by heart neglected grew.

In vain did Heav'n adorn the shape and face
With Beautyes which by Angels forms it drew:
In vain the mind with brighter Glories Grace,
While all our joys are stinted to the space

Of one betraying interview,
 With one surrender to the eager will
 We're short-liv'd nothing, or a real ill.

Since Man with that inconstancy was born,
 To love the absent, and the present scorn.

Why do we deck, why do we dress
 For such a short-liv'd happiness?

Why do we put Attraction on,
 Since either way tis we must be undone?

They fly if Honour take our part,
 Our Virtue drives 'em o're the field.
 We lose 'em by too much desert,
 And Oh / they fly us if we yeild.
 Ye Gods ! is there no charm in all the fair
 To fix this wild, this faithless, wanderer.

Mah!

Man / our great business and our aim,
For whom we spread our fruitless snares,
No sooner kindles the designing flame,
But to the next bright object bears
The Trophies of his conquest and our shame:
Inconstancy's the good suprem
The rest is airy Notion, empty Dream!

A

Then, heedless Nymph, hurled by me
If e're you swim the bliss desire
Think like Alex who may be
Whose wisht Possession damps his fire;
The roving youth in every shade
Has left some sighing and abandon'd Maid,
For tis a fatal lesson he has learn'd,
After fruition ne're to be concern'd.

To Alexis, On his saying, I lov'd a Man
that talk'd much. by Mrs. B.

Alexis, since you'l have it so
I grant I am impertinent.
And till this moment did not know

Thro' all my life what 'twas I ment;
Your kind opinion was th' unflattering Glass;
In which my mind found how deform'd it was.
In your clear sense which knows no art,
I saw the error of my Soul;
And all the feeble's of my heart,
With one reflection you controul,
Kind as a God, and gently you chastise,
By what you hate, you teach me to be wise.

Impudence, my sex's shame,

(Which has so long my life persu'd,)

You with such modesty reclaim

As all the Woman has subdu'd,

To so divine a power what must I owe,

That renders me so like the perfect — you?

That conversable thing I hate

Already with a just disdain,

Who Prid's himself upon his prate

And is of word, (that Nonsense,) vain;

When in your few appears such excellence,

They have reproacht, and charm'd me into sense.

For ever may I listning sit,

Tho' but each hour a word be born:

I wou'd attend the coming wit,

And bless what can so well inform:

Let the dull World henceforth to words be

I yet judge in all the trash (damn'd,

I'm into nobler sense than talking sham'd.

A PASTORAL Pindarick.

On the Marriage of the Right Honourable
the Earle of Dorset and Middlesex, to the
Lady Mary Compton.

A DIALOGUE.

Between Damon and Aminta.

By Mrs. Behn.

Aminta.
WHither, young Damon, whither in such
(halt,

Swift as the Winds you sweep the Grove,
The Amorous God of Day scarce by'd so fast
After his flying Love?

Damon.
Aminta, view my Face, and thence survey
My very Soul and all its mighty joy!

A joy too great to be conceal'd,
 And without speaking is reveal'd;
 For this eternal Holyday.

A Day to place i'th' Shepherds Kalendar,
 To stand the glory of the circling year.
 Let it's blest date on every Bark be set,
 And every Echo its dear name repeat.
 Let 'em tell all the neighbouring Woods and Plains,
 That *Lysidas*, the Beauty of the Swains,
 Our darling youth, our wonder and our Pride,
 Is blest with fair *Clemens* for a Bride.
 Oh happy Pair! Let all the Groves rejoyce,
 And gladness fill each heart and every voyce!

Amin.

Clemens! that bright maid for whom our Shep-
 herds pine,
 For whom so many weeping Eyes decline!
 For whom the Echos all complain,
 For whom with sigh and falling tears,
 The Lover in his soft despairs

Disturbs the Peaceful Rivers gliding stream?
 The bright *Clemena* who has been so long
 The destinie of hearts and yet so young,
 She that has robb'd so many of content
 Yet is herself so Sweet, so Innocent.

She, that as many hearts invade,
 As charming *Lysidus* has conquer'd maids,
 Oh tell me, *Damon*, is the lovely fair
 Become the dear reward of all the Shepherds care.
 Has *Lysidus* that prize of Glory won
 For whom so many sighing Swains must be undone?

Damon.

Yes, it was destin'd from Eternity,

They only shou'd each other's be,
 Hail, lovely pair, whom every God design'd
 In your first great Creation shou'd be joyn'd.

Aminta.

Oh, *Damon*, this is vain Philosophie,

'Tis chance and not Divinity,

That

That guides Loves Partial Darts;
 And we in vain the Boy implore
 To make them Love whom we Adore.
 And all the other powers take little care of harts,
 The very Soule's by intr'est sway'd,
 And nobler passion now by fortune is betray'd;
 By sad experience this I know,
 And sigh, Alas! in vain because tis true.

Damon.

Too often and too fatally we find
 Portion and Joynture charm the mind,
 Large Flocks and Herds, and spacious Plains
 Becoms the merit of the Swains.
 But here, tho both did equally abound,
 'Twas youth, 'twas wit, was Beauty gave the equal
 (wound;
 Their Soules were one before they mortal being
 (found,
 Jove when he layd his awful Thunder by
 And all his softest Attributes put on,

When

When Heav'n was Gay, and the vast Glittering
 (Sky
 With Deities all wondering and attentive shone,
 The God his Luckiest heat to try
 Form'd their great Soules of one Immortal Ray,
 He thought, and form'd, as first he did the World,
 But with this difference, That from *Chaos* came,
 These from a beam, which, from his God-head
 (hurl'd
 Kindl'd into an everlasting flame,
 He smiling saw the mighty work was good,
 While all the lesser Gods around him gazing stood.
 He saw the shining Model bright and Great
 But oh! they were not yet compleat,
 For not one God but did the flames inspire,
 With sparks of their Divinest fire.

Diana took the lovely Female Soul,
 And did its fiercer Aroms cool;
 Sofn'd the flame and plac'd a Chrystal Ice
 About the sacred Paradise,
 Bath'd it all or'e in Virgin Tears,

Mixt with the fragrant Dew the Rose receives,
 Into the bosom of her untoucht leaves,
 And dry'd it with the breath of Vestal Prayers,
Juno did great Majestick thought inspire
 And *Pallas* toucht it with Heroick fire.

While *Mars*, *Apollo*, *Love* and *Venus* sate,
 About the Hero's Soul in high debate,
 Each claims it all, but all in vain contend,
 In vain appeal to mighty *Jove*,

Who equal Portions did to all extend.

This to the God of wit, and that to *Love*,

Another to the Queen of soft desire,

And the fierce God of War compleats the rest,

Guilts it all o're with Martial fire;

While *Love*, and *Wit*, *Beauty* and *War* exprest

Their finest Arts, and the bright Beings all in Glory

(drest

While each in their Divine employments strove

By every charm these new-form'd lights t'im-

(prove,

They left a space untoucht for mighty *Love*.

The

The finishing last strokes the Boy perform'd,
 Who from his Quiver took a Golden Dart
 That cou'd a sympathizing wound impart,
 And toucht 'em both, and with one flame they
 (burn'd.

The next great work was to create two frames
 Of the Divineſt form,

Fit to contain theſe heavenly flames.

The Gods decreed, and charming *Lyſidas* was
 (born,

Born, and grew up the wonder of the Plains,
 Joy of the Nymphs and Glory of the Swains.

And warm'd all hearts with his inchanting
 (ſtrains ;

Soft were the Songs, which from his lips did flow,

Soft as the Soul which the fine thought conceiv'd.

Soft as the ſighs the charming Virgin breath'd

The firſt dear night of the chaſt nuptial vow.

The noble youth even *Daphnis* do's excel

Oh never Shepherd pip'd and ſung ſo well.

Aminta.

Aminia.

Now, *Damon*, you are in your proper sphere,
 While of his wit you give a character.
 But who inspir'd you a Philosopher ?

Damon.

Old *Colin*, when we oft have led our Flocks
 Beneath the shelter of the Shad's and Rocks,
 While other youths more vainly spent their time,
 I listen'd to the wonderful Bard ;
 And while he sung of things sublime
 With reverend pleasure heard.
 He soar'd to the Divine abodes
 And told the secrets of the Gods.
 And oft discours'd of Love and Sympathy ;
 For he as well as thou and I
 Had sigh'd for some dear object of desire ;
 But oh ! till now I ne'er cou'd prove
 That secret mystery of Love ;
 Ne'er saw two hearts thus burn with equal fire.

Aminia

Aminia.

But, oh! what Nymph e're saw the noble youth
That was not to eternal Love betray'd?

Damon.

And, oh! what swain e're saw the Lovely maid,
That wou'd not plight her his eternal faith
Not unblown Roses, or the new-born day
Or pointed Sun-beams, when they gild the sky,
Are half so sweet, are half so bright and gay,
As young *Clemina's* charming Fate and Eyes!

Aminia.

Not full-blown flowers, when all their luster's on
Whom every bosom longs to wear,
Nor the spread Glories of the mid-days sun
Can with the charming *Lysidas* compare.

Damon.

Not the soft gales of gentle breez
That whisper to the yeilding Trees,
Nor songs of Birds that thro' the Groves rejoyce,
Are half so sweet, so soft, as young *Clemina's* voyce.

Aminia.

Aminta.

Not murmurs of the Rivulets and Springs,
 When thro' the glades they purling glide along
 And listen when the wondrous Shepherd sings,
 Are half so sweet as is the Shepherds song.

Damon.

Not young *Diana* in her eager chase
 When by her careless flying Robe betray'd,
 Discovering every charm and every Grace,
 Has more surprizing Beauty than the brighter maid.

Aminta.

The gay young Monarch of the cheerful *May*
 Adorn'd with all the Trophies he has won,
 Vain with the Homage of the joyful day
 Compar'd to *Lysidas* wou'd be undone.

Damon.

Aminta, cease; and let me hast away,

For while upon this Theam you dwell,
 You speak the noble youth so just, so well,
 I cou'd for ever listning stay.

Aminta.

Aminia.

And while *Clemena's* praise becoms thy choyce,
My Ravisht soul is fixt upon thy voyce.

Damon.

But see the Nymphs and dancing swains
Ascend the Hill from yonder Plains,
With Wreathes and Garland finely made,
To crown the lovely Bride and Bridegrooms head,
And I amongst the humbler throng
My Sacrifice must bring

A rural Hymeneal song,

Alexis he shall pipe while I will sing.

Had I been blest with Flocks or Herd

A nobler Tribute I'd prepar'd,

With darling Lambs the Altars I wou'd throng :

But I, alas ! can only offer song.

Song too obscure, too humble verse

For this days glory to rehearse,

But *Lysidas*, like Heav'n, is kind,

And for the Sacrifice accepts the Humble mind.

If he vouchsafe to listen to my Ode

He makes me happier than a fusty'd God.

On Desire

A Pindarick. By Mrs. B.

WHat Art thou, oh! thou new-found
(pain?)
From what infection dost thou spring?

Tell me — oh! tell me, thou enchanting thing,

Thy nature, and thy name;

Inform me by what subtil Art,

What powerful Influence,

You got such vast Dominion in a part

Of my unheeded, and unguarded, heart,

That fame and Honour cannot drive yee thence.

L

Oh

Oh! mischievous usurper of my Peace;

Oh! soft intruder on my solitude,

Charming disturber of my ease,

That hast my nobler fate persu'd,

And all the Glories of my life subdu'd.

Thou haunt'st my inconvenient hours

The business of the Day, nor silence of the night,

That shou'd to cares and sleep invite,

Can bid defiance to thy conquering power.

Where hast thou been this live-long Age

That from my Birth till now,

Thou never cou'd'st one thought engage,

Or charm my soul with the uneasy rage

That made it all its humble feeble know?

Where wert thou, oh, malicious spright,

When shining Honour did invite?

When

When interest call'd, then thou wert shy,
 Nor to my aid one kind propension brought,
 Nor wou'd'st inspire one tender thought,
 When Princes at my feet did lye.

When thou cou'd'st mix ambition with my joy,
 Then peevish *Phantoms* thou wert nice and coy,

Not Beauty cou'd invite thee then

Nor all the Arts of lavish Men!

Not all the powerful Rhetorick of the Tongue

Not sacred Wit cou'd charm thee on;

Not the soft play that lovers make,

Nor sigh cou'd fan thee to a fire,

Not pleading tears, nor vows cou'd thee awake,

Or warm the unform'd something — to desire.

Oft I've conjur'd thee to appear

By youth, by love, by all their powers,

Have searcht and sought thee every where,

In silent Groves, in lonely bowrs:

On Flowry beds where lovers wishing lye,
 In sheltering Woods where sighing maids
 To their assigning Shepherds hye,
 And hide their blushes in the gloom of shades:

Yet there, even there, tho youth assail'd,
 Where Beauty prostrate lay and fortune woo'd,
 My heart insensible to neither bow'd
 Thy lucky aid was wanting to prevail.

In courts I sought thee then, thy proper spear

But thou in crowds we'rt stiff'd there,

Int'rest did all the loving business do,

Invites the youths and wins the Virgins too.

Or if by chance some heart thy empire own

(Ah power ingrate!) the slave must be undone

Tell me, thou nimble fire, that dost dilate

Thy mighty force thro' every part, I

What God, or Human power did thee create

In my, till now, unfacil heart?

Art thou some welcome plague sent from above
 In this dear form, this kind disguise?
 Or the false offspring of mistaken love,
 Begot by some soft thought that faintly strove,
 With the bright peircing Beautys of *Lyсандers*
 Eyes?

Yes, yes, tormenter, I have found thee now;
 And found to whom thou dost thy being owe,

'Tis thou the blushes dost impart,

For thee this languishment I wear,

'Tis thou that tremblest in my heart

When the dear Shepherd do's appear,

I faint, I dye with pleasing pain,

My words intruding sighing break

When e're I touch the charming swain

When e're I gaze, when e're I speak.

Thy conscious fire is mingl'd with my love,

As in the sanctify'd sbodes

Misguided worshippers approve

The mixing Idol with their Gods.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive
 With errors, which my soul do please and vex,
 For superstition will survive,
 Purer Religion to perplex.

Oh! tell me you, Philosophers, in love,
 That can its burning feaverish fits controul,
 By what strange Arts you cure the soul,
 And the fierce Calenture remove?

Tell me, yee fair ones, that exchange desire,
 How tis you bid the kindling fire.

Oh! wou'd you but confess the truth,
 It is not real-virtue makes you nice:
 But when you do resist the pressing youth,
 'Tis want of dear desire, to thaw the Virgin Ice,
 And while your young adorers lye
 All languishing and hopeless at your feet,
 Raising new Trophies to your chastity,
 Oh tell me, how you do remain discreet?

How you suppress the rising sighs,
 And the soft yeilding soul that wishes in your Eyes?
 While to th' admiring crowd you nice are found;
 Some dear, some secret, youth that gives the
 (wound
 Informs you, all your virtu's but a cheat

And Honour but a false disguise,
 Your modesty a necessary bait
 To gain the dull repute of being wise.

Deceive the foolish World----- deceive it on,
 And veil your passions in your pride;
 But now I've found your feebleness by my own,
 From me the needful fraud you cannot hide.

Tho' tis a mighty power must move
 The soul to this degree of love,
 And tho' with virtue I the World perplex,
Lysander finds the weakness of my sex,
 So *Helen* while from *Thesens* arms she fled,
 To charming *Paris* yields her heart and Bed.

SONG. By a person of Quality.

A Cruel Beauty, cou'd you prove
More tender or less fast.

You neither wou'd provoke my Love

Nor cause me to despair,

But your dissembling charming Eyes

My easy hope beguiles,

And thô a Rock beneath'em lys

The tempting surface smiles.

To what your sex on ours impose

My humble Love comply'd;

And when my secret I disclos'd

Thought modesty deny'd;

Yes sure, said I, her yielding heart

Partakes of my desire,

But neer Honour feigns this part

To hide the rising fire,

Against

Against your mind my fate I told,

And slighted vows renew'd,

Yet you insensibly were cold

And I but vainly woo'd.

Then for return a scorn prepare

Or lay that frown aside,

Affected coyness I can bear

But hate insulting Pride!

SONG. By a person of Quality.

UNder the Beams of Cella's Eyes,
 See the fair Shepherd panting lyes,
 For whom all other Beauty lyes?
 Him thō she burn with equal fire
 She suffers at her feet t' expire
 Preferring glory to desire.

Dye

*Dye then, oh dye, unhappy swain,
 And leave her to lament in vain
 The cruel sports of her disdain;
 You fall a Publique sacrifice
 Since she will weep away those Eyes
 By whose each look a lover dyes.*

S O N G. 1. by the same band.

*W*hen sable night had conquer'd day,
 And Beauteous Cynthia rose,
 As I in tears reflecting lay
 On Cloe's faithless vows.
 The God of Love appear'd to me
 To heal my wounded heart,
 The Influencing Deity
 With pleasure arm'd each Dart.

Fond man, said he, here end thy mo,
 Till she my power and Justice know,
 The foolish Sex shall all do so.

And for thy ease, believe no bliss

Is perfect without pain,

The fairest Summer hurtful is

Without some showers of Rain.

The Joys of Heaven who wou'd prize

If men too cheaply bought,

The dearest part of mortal Joys

Most charming is when sought.

And tho' with drops true Love they pay,

Those that know finest metals say,

No Gold will coyn without alloy.

3.
But that the generous Lover may

Not always sigh in vain,

The cruel Nymph that kills to day

To morrow shall be slain.

The little God no sooner spoke,

But from my sight he flew,

And I that groan'd with Cloe's yoke,

Found Loves revenge was true.

Her proud hard heart too late did turn;

With fiercer flames than mine did burn;

While I as much began to scorn.

A Pastoral Song on the late King.

WHy, Phillis, in this mournful dress,
Ab! why so full of Tears,

These sighs, my dearest Shepherdess,

Suit not thy tender years,

Thy sheep lye panting on the plain

Not one of them will feed;

Thy Lambs in peirating cries complain

Whence, whence, does this proceed?

Ab, Strephon, we are all undone,

With trembling voice, she said,

The best of Men to Heaven is gone,

The great Amintor's dead,

What will become of thou and I,

Of these dear Flocks that moan,

They will be Stole, and we shall dye,

Now wise Amintor's gone?

Best blessings rest upon his Soul,

The Loyal Swain reply'd,

Tet let this thought thy grief controul,

Pan does for us provide;

And tho' the brave Amintor's gone,

Alexis does remain,

Since he is left we're not undone,

Nor ought we to complain.

In him our loss is made amends,

He'll us in safety keep

From whigish Swains he'll us defend,

From the French Fox our Sheep;

Then cheer thy Flocks and weep no more,

But stop that pious tide,

With Voice and Pipe lets Pan adore,

For sending such a guide.

The

The Departure.[*by Damon : Nonem. 78.*]

I Never knew what 'twas to mourn,
 Ere the too hasty glass had run
 Which measur'd every thought of mine :
 Still as I offer'd at Loves shrine
 My heart a bleeding Sacrifice,
 The conquest of *Aminta's* Eyes:
 Those shining objects of my Love,
 How did the searching passion rove,
 O're all my soul its quickning fire
 Melted my heart with soft desire,
 While my *Aminta* blest this plain,
 I never felt another pain
 Than Love; which always do's belong
 To the gentle Amorous throng ;

But

But now —

Oh! wonder not, great God of Love,

If the strong passion cease to move

Within my soul; *Aminia's* gone,

And left me here to sigh alone.

How vain do's the vast Globe appear

No sweetning pleasures can live here,

While bright *Aminia* is not near.

No warbling notes which fill the Wood,

Nor murmurs which the streams afford,

Can raise in me that harmony

Which ravish'd with such extasy,

When the fair the approacht, each charm

Guarded my humble soul from harm,

Nothing can now transport or cheer

A tortur'd soul that's fill'd with fear;

Since lov'd *Aminia* quits the place,

Which she with Innocence did Grace.

Then will I wander to some Grove

Where I'll lament my absent Love,

And

(161)

And with cold Winter still complain
Till the lost spring return again

Her passion to the sense of her disgrace

Had gain'd the more obliging victory.

To Amintas,

Upon reading the Lives of some of the Ro-
mans, by Mrs. B.

Hadst thou, Amintas, liv'd in that great
Age,

When hardly Beauty was to nature known,
What numbers to thy side mightst thou engage
And conquer'd Kingdoms by thy looks alone?

That age when valor they did Beauty name,

When Men did justly our brave sex prefer,
Cause they durst dye, and scorn the publick shame
Of adding Glory to the conqueror.

But blest the darkness that secur'd the Rape,
Suffering her to have debauch'd her Pride.

M

Had

Not

Had mighty *Scipio* had thy charming face,
Great *Sophonisbe* had refus'd to dye,

Her passion o're the sense of her disgrace

Had gain'd the more obliging victory.

Nor less wou'd *Messanissa* too have done,

But to such Eyes, as to his Sword wou'd bow,

For neither sex can here thy setters shun,

Being all *Scipio*, and *Amintha* too.

Hadst thou great *Cesar* been, the greater Queen,

Wou'd trembling have her mortal Alps lay'd by,

In thee she had not only *Cesar* seen,

But all the disgrace in *Antony*.

Had daring *Sextus* had thy lovely shape,

The fairest Woman living had not dy'd.

But blest the darkness that secur'd the Rape,

Suffering her Pleasure to have debauch't her Pride.

Nor had he stoin to *Rome* to have quencht his fire,
If thee remittes in his Camp he'd seen,

Thy Eyes had kept his virtue all intire,
And *Rome* a happy monarchy had been.

Had Pompey lookt like thee, tho he had prov'd

The valiant, yet from *Egypt* faithles King

He had receiv'd the vows of being belov'd,

And fear of Orders for his murdering.

But here, *Amintas*, thy misfortune lys,

Nor bravenor good are in our age esteem'd,

Content thee then with meaneer victorys,

Unless that *Othello* sig could be redeem'd.

A. B.

((164))

On the first discovery of falseness in

On the first discovery of falseness in Amintas.

By Mrs. B.

Make hast! make hast! my miserable soul,
To some unknown and solitary Grove,
Where nothing may thy Languishment controule

Where thou maist never hear the name of Love
Where unconfin'd, and free, as whispering Air,
Thou maist careis and welcome thy despair:

Where no dissembl'd complisance may veil
The griefes with which, my (soul) thou art oppress'd.

But dying, breath thyself out in a tale
That may declare the cause of thy unrest:
The toyles of Death 'twill render far more light
And soon convey thee to the shades of night.

Search

Search then, my soul, some unfrequented place,
Some place that nature meant her own repose:

When she her-self with-drew from human race,
Displeas'd with wanton Lovers vows and oaths.

Where *Sol* could never dart a busy Ray,
And where the softer winds ne're met to play.

By the sad purling of some Rivulet
O're which the bending Yew and Willow grow,

That scarce the glimmerings of the day permit,
To view the melancholy Banks below,

Where dwells no noyse but what the murmurs
(make,

When the unwilling stream the shade forsakes.

There on a Bed of Moss and new-faln leaves,

Which the Triumphant Trees once proudly
(bore,

Tho now thrown off by every wind that breaths,

Despis'd by what they did adorn before,

And who, like useless me, regardless lies
While springing beautys do the boughs supply.

There lay thee down, my soul, and breath thy last,
And calmly to the unknown regions fly;

But ere thou dost thy stock of life exhaust,
Let the ungrateful know, why tis you dye.

Perhaps the gentle winds may chance to bear
Thy dying accents to ~~Aminta's~~ ear.

Breath out thy Passion; tell him of his power
And how thy flame was once by him approv'd.
How soon as wilt he was thy conqueror,

No sooner spoke of Love, but was believ'd.
His wonderous Eyes, what weak resistance found,
While every charming word begat a wound?

Here thou wilt grow impatient to be gone,
And thro' my willing Eyes will silent pass,
Into the stream that gently glides along,

But stay thy hasty flight, (my Soul,) alas,

A thought more cruel will thy flight secure,
Thought, that can no admittance give to cure,

Think, how the prostrate Infidel now lyes,

An humble suppliant at anothers feet,

Think, while he begs for pity from her Eyes.

He sacrifices thee with-out regret.

Think, how the faithless treated thee last night,

And then, my terror'd soul, assume thy flight.

SONG.

R Eason at last has got the day,
To Silvia's yoke no more I bow,

The harder 'twas to break away,

The sweeter is my freedom now,

Yet I resolve the scornful Nymph to see,

And tell her, I'm as unconcern'd as she.

But why shoud I a visit make,
 To her whose charms I did admire,
 Unless my soul her part doſt take,
 Unknowing of it's amorous fire?
 Alas! my flames are greater than before,
 For he loves moſt, who thinks he loves no more.

On a Blew ſpot made in a Ladys neck by Gun-
 powder, by a perſon of Quality.

What blew is that that do's ſo charming
 ſhew,
 A Hill of Saphire in a Field of Snow.
 Where Love in ambuſh lyes to ſhoot his Darts,
 And make a prey of the beholders hearts,
 Of that fine ſpot what cauſe can be aſſign'd,
 Was it by nature or by art deſign'd?
 Nature ſo buſie was to make your face,
 In beautifying it with every grace,
 Shee cou'd not mind any inferior part,
 So that this needs muſt be the work of Art:

Powder

Powder, which first was for destruction meant,
 Was here converted into ornament;
 But yet retains its wonted nature still,
 And from your neck, as from a Port do's kill.

On Dydo.

UNhappy *Dydo*, all her life
 As well a Mistress, as a Wife,
 No sooner dy's her Husband, but she flies;
 No sooner dies her Lover, but she dys.

S O N G.

AS the inamour'd Thirlis lay
 With his Silvia reconcil'd,
 Whose Eyes did brighter beams display,
 While the lovely charmer smil'd.

With

With Joy transported cry'd, my dear,

Let us, let us, often jar,

Peace always sweetest do's appear

After sharp fatigues of War.

No, said the Nymph, mistaken swain,

'Tis best our quarrels to give o're.

Kingdoms may jar, and close again,

But broken Love cements no more.

The Choyce.

Silvia, of all your Amorous train

The Black, the Brown, or Fair,

The wealthy Lord, or humble Swain

For whom will you declare?

If wealth or Beauty do prevail,

My claim I then resign;

If truth and love, I cannot faile,

And Silvia must be mine.

A Letter to Alstrea.

THe Muse, which fair *Astrea* first inspir'd,
Has droopt and lost its flame since she re-
(tir'd;

And to the feather'd Posts which belong
To Groves, resigns her fainting Song.

Nor is this Lethargy her fate alone

For general dulness has possess'd the Town,

The Town that now can boast no crowded Street,

Where none but sharp-set younger Brothers meet

For well they know their mirth and Wit, (alas!

Their only coyn,) will not i'th country pass.

Yet in a cloud of smoke o're Coffee dry,

What pleasure tis to hear the Sharpers cry.

Pox o' this business, that still sticks and dwells

Upon my hands and keeps me from the Wells,

But I resolve a bold escape to make,

And to throng'd Tunbridg a short Journey take;

My

My humblest service to Eliza give,
 And when your Gloriana shall receive
 Your next, let my respects have then a place:
 Let fair Astrea last be pleas'd to grace
 These lines with her acceptance, and excuse
 The broken Language of a dying Muse.
 Since sb's already drawing to a close,
 To write in verse I can no more propose,
 What next I send expect in honest prose:

To Mrs B. from a Lady who had a desire to
 see her, and who complains on the ingra-
 titude of her fugitive Lover.

Kind are my Stars indeed but that so late
 And I stranger to a gentle fate,
 If such a one I meet and chance to know,
 I have not proper words to call it so,
 Wondering at happiness, surpris'd as far
 As a rough General always train'd to War,

Snatch'd

Snatch'd from the midst of cruel fierce alarms,
 Into a thousand unexpected charms;
 A joy like this, how shall I entertain,
 With a heart wounded, and a soul in pain;
 In my laborious enterprises crost;
 My life near *Finis*, and the Day quite lost
Cleone had a Swain, and lov'd the youth, I trust
 Not for his Beauty but his seeming truth;
 Not for a goodly herd or high descent,
 (Ah that no God my ruin would prevent,
 What tho' the Swain had neither Sheep nor land,
 I scorn'd the goods of fortunes partial hand;
 So generous was my passion for the slave,
 Because I equally suppos'd him brave.
 Oh! give me leave to sigh one sad adieu,
 Then wholly dedicate myself to you.
 I have no business here but to complain
 Of all the treasons of an ingrate Swain,
 Since my inhumane perjur'd Shepherd's gone,
 Night four seven times has put her mantle on,

And three severall times *Aurora* has appear'd since
 Since last I from the cruel *Shepherd* heard :
 Whither he lives, is dead, or on what shore,
 (Patience, ye Gods! alas I know no more,
 Then why my Stars do my destruction pierce,
 Send me your pity, bounteous *Shepherds*;
 That I the face of grief no more may know,
 If I deserve it that cou'd Love so low;
 Consult not that, But charity and give
 One tender pitying sight that I may live;
 (That I may thus make my complaint to you,
 Kind are my Stars, indeed at last 'tis true,
 Let not my rude and untam'd griefs destroy,
 The early glimmering of an infant joy;
 And add not your neglect, for if you doe,
Clione finds her desolation too;
 Know this it yet remains in your fair breast,
 To render me the happy or unblest.
 You may act miracles if you'll be kind,
 Make me true joye in real sorrows find.

And bless the hour hither did pursue
 A faithless Swain and found access to you
 Accept the heart I here to you present
 By the ingratitude of *Strophæus*
 Till then gay, noble, full of brave disdain
 And unless you prevent shall be again
 As once it was, if in your gentler breast
 It may be Penitence at my request
 No more to Treason subject as before
 To be betray'd by a fair informer more
 As large as once, at unthought and story
 But yet at your command shall always be

*To the fair Clarinda, who made Love to me,
 imagin'd more than Woman. By Mrs. B.*

Fair lovely Maid, or if that Title be
 Too weak, too Feminine for Nobler thee,
 Permit a Name that more Approaches Truth
 And let me call thee, Lovely Charming Youth.

This

This last will justify my soft complaint,
 While that may serve to lessen my constraint;
 And without Blushes I the Youth pursue,
 When so much beautiful Woman is in view:
 Against thy Charms we struggle but in vain;
 With thy deluding Form thou giv'st us pain;
 While the bright Nymph betrays us to the Swain.
 In pity to our Sex sure thou wilt consent
 That we might Love, and yet be Innocent;
 For sure no Crime with thee we can commit;
 Or if we should, thy Form excuses it.
 For who, that gathers fairest Flowers believes
 A Snake lies hid beneath the Fragrant Leaves.

Thou beautiful Wonder of a different kind,
 Soft Clods with the dear Alexis join'd;
 When e'r the Manly part of thee, wou'd plead
 Thou tempts us with the Image of the Maid,
 While we the noblest Passions do extend
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